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The Mansion of Mystery

BY CHESTER K. STEELE

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CHAPTER IX.

On the Train.

"This is clearing itself by growing more complicated."

Such was the deduction of the detective after he had reviewed the situation carefully. Was it possible that the son of the woman who had been murdered was guilty of the terrible tragedy? He remembered that he had been told about Tom Ostrello and his wayward brother Frank, and how mother and son had had an exciting meeting on the day previous to the tragedy.

"I rather think it will pay to investigate a little further along this line," thought Adam Adams. "More than likely he came here for money, either for himself or his brother Dick. If his mother did not have it and wanted it she would have to go to Mr. Langmore for it. That might cause a terrible scene all around. Or again, he might have thought that if his stepmother were dead his mother would inherit his money and so plotted one murder, which, when he was discovered, ended in a second. It will do no harm to have a talk with this young man."

He reached the aLngmore mansion once more to find that Tom Ostrello had departed for the city on necessary business but was coming back before night. Then at the hotel he found a message from his own office telling him to New York.

"You are going away, Mr. Adams?" said Raymond Case, who chanced to see him departing.

"Not for long. I'll be back tonight or tomorrow."

"Anything new?"

"Nothing worth talking about, yet. I must hurry to catch the train. What are you going to do?"

"I am waiting for the inquest. It will be a terrible trial for Margaret." And the young man's face showed his concern.

"Tell her for me to make the best of it," answered Adam Adams and hurried to the depot. The train was just coming in and he saw Tom Ostrello get on board, and he entered the car directly behind the commercial traveler. The young man passed through to the smoker and the detective did the same. Two seats were vacant, directly across the aisle from each other and each took one. Presently Ostrello looked at Adam Adams and started slightly and then bowed.

"Excuse me, but I think I saw you come to the Langmore house," he began.

"Yes, I called on Miss Langmore's mother."

"Yes. Come over, won't you." Ostrello moved towards the window of the car. "I've got to have a smoke to quiet my nerves, I'm so upset. Will you have one?" And he presented a case full of choice Havana cigars.

"It must have upset you—it's enough to upset anybody," answered Adam Adams, as they lit up. "It's a terrible happening, fearful."

"You are acting for Margaret, I understand."

"Yes—if there is a chance to do anything. Do you know anything of the tragedy?"

"Not a thing, outside of what I have heard. When I got the telegram I was fairly stunned. But let me tell you one thing."

"Well?"

"I don't think Margaret is guilty. A girl like her couldn't do such a cold-blooded deed. Why, it's enough to make a man shiver to think of it. It would take a hardened criminal to do such a thing. It's absurd to even suspect her."

"What is your theory of the murder?"

"I hardly know what to think. If the house had been robbed I would say tramps did it."

"But how?"

"I don't know, excepting the—er—both were smothered. But let us change the subject. It breaks me all up to think about it. I thought a whole lot of my mother."

"Where is your brother?"

"I don't know exactly. He was in Los Angeles the last I heard of him. I have sent messages to half a dozen places, but so far have received no reply."

"He is a commercial traveler like yourself?"

"He was, up to two weeks ago. He traveled for a paint house, but he and the firm had a row and Dick quit. He's a rolling stone, and that is why I can't just locate him."

"Do you represent a paint house, then?" questioned Adam Adams, after a pause, during which he appeared to enjoy the really fragraant Havana Tom Ostrello had tended him.

"No. I'm with a drug house and have been for four years, one of the best in the country, Alexander & Comoany, of Rochester, New York. I am their salesman for New York and the Eastern States. We make some of the most noted preparations in the trade."

"Alexander & Comopany, of Rochester," mused Adam Adams, thinking of the bit of paper he had picked up from under the safe. "I believe I have seen their place. Let me see, what street is it on?"

"Wadley street and runs through to ——a fine six-story concern, with a laboratory that is second to none."

"Yes, I remember it now. I suppose you must have a pretty good position with them."

"Fair. I think they ought to raise my salary," answered Tom Ostrello. He stretched himself. "I feel sleepy—didn't get a wink last night. When this affair is over I am going to ask for a week's vacation."

"I don't blame you," answered Adam Adams, with a quiet smile.

He settled back to smoke and his companion did the same, and thus the remainder of the trip to the city passed. As he smoked, the detective revolved the new revelation in his mind. Tom Ostrello represented the very drug firm whose advertisement had appeared, in part, on the bit of paper picked up from under the library safe.

"And he was there hunting for something," thought the detective. "Was it for that bit of paper or for the something that he secured in his mother's room?"

At the depot the pair separated. Adam Adams lost no time in visiting his office, where his assistant awaited him anxiously.

"Well, Letty, how are you this morning?" he said pleasantly, as he dropped into his chair.

He gave the girl a bright smile and she smiled in return. Letty Bernard was an orphan, the daughter of one of his former friends, and he took a fatherly interest in her. She lived with a second cousin, but wished to be independent and so the detecetive had given her the position in his office, a place she filled with credit. She was short and plump and had a wealth of curly hair that strayed over her forehead.

"The chief asked me to give you these papers," said the assistant. "You are to sign all three."

"Um! Then that's the end of the Soper case. Anything else?"

"Glackey was in. He told me he had tracked the German and would report in full by tomorrow. He thinks you were right and the German is the man."

"What else?"

"A Mrs. Caven-Demuth was here. Wished to know if you ever found lost dogs."

"Great Scott! Dogs!"

"She said her pet cocker-spaniel had disappeared and she was willing to spend five hundred dollars on finding him."

"I am no dog detective. Send her to McMommie." McMommie was, as it is easy to guess, a rival.

"I sent her to police headquarters."

"And is that all?"

"Mr. Folett telegraphed that he would be here at 10."

"It's after that now—it's nearly noon. You can go to lunch if you wish. There's the door—Hullo, it's Mr. Folett now. Be back in an hour."

"Yes, Uncle Adam," answered the girl. She always called him uncle, since he had taken such an interest in her. She went out as the caller entered, and left the two men talking over a business matter which has nothing to do with our story.

It was 2 o'clock before Adam Adams found himself free once more. He procured a lunch and then took a subway train half way uptown. He walked two blocks westward and ascended the steps of a fine brown-stone residence. He asked for Dr. Calkey and was ushered into a private den, where the doctor, a tall, spare man of 60, soon joined him.

"My good friend Adams!" cried the doctor warmly. "Where have you kept yourself? Surely you have not been to see me for a year, or is it longer? I have missed you so much—and the comforting smokes we had together! Why did you desert me? You knew I could not come to you—that I never go out. And you do not bring any business to me——"

"I had none to bring, and I have been very busy. But I have missed our meetings, I must confess."

"And I am glad to learn I was not entirely forgotten. And you have been busy, and still nothing for Rudolph Calkey to do, nothing to analyze, nothing to dissect——"

"I've got a knot for you."

"Good! good! I trust it is a good complication—I love them so—there is such a satisfaction when the end is reached. But not yet—no, not yet. A glass of wine first—something prime—I imported it myself, so that I would know what I am getting."

The wine was soon forthcoming and then a cigar for the detective and a pipe for the doctor. At last the latter threw himself into an old easy chair and gazed at his caller expectantly.

"I am ready to untie the knot," he said. "What is it?"

CHAPTER X.

An Affair of the Heart.

There was a moment of silence.

"Briefly put, doctor, the case is this," said Adam Adams. "I want to know if there is anything known to the medical world, a powder or something of that sort, strong enough to kill a person if he should breathe of it."

"A powder strong enough to kill a person?" The brow of the old physician contracted. "It would have to be very powerful to do that. You mean if a person was boxed up with it—like one killed by gas?"

"No, not at all. I mean a powder that could be held to a person's nose and mouth in the open, when it would make that person sick and give him cramps perhaps."

"And kill him?"

"Yes."

The old doctor rubbed his hands in thought. "That is a subject for speculation. Certain cyanide compounds might be powerful enough to do so under certain conditions. Any real dry powder would choke a person if he got a big dose of it. I heard of a boy who came near dying as the result of breathing in a quantity of extra dry licorice powder. But he was smothered and did not have cramps."

"Nothing in the shape of any foreign compound? You once showed me a Turkish liquid that burnt when water was poured on it, and dyed everything blood red."

"Ah, yes, the fozeska, something truly dangerous. But I know of nothing—But hold!" The doctor clapped his hands together. "Yes! yes! That would do it, that and that only."

"What?"

"I had a sample of it given to me some six months ago. It was called yamlang-peholo, and was made in China, from the roots of the yamlang bush—a rare growth found only in the western part of the country. By many Chinamen the yamlang bush is supposed to be accursed, and whenever they come near one they utter a prayer for deliverance from its evils. If you sleep near the yamlang bush it will make you very sick."

"And that powder, what did it look like?"

"It was blue at first, but on contact with the air quickly changed to brownish-white and lost itself, it was so fine."

"Evaporated?"

"You can call it that if you wish. It was intense. I held it at arms' length, yet it made me sick and had cramps for over an hour afterwards."

"It would have killed you if you had placed it to your mouth or nose?"

"Not the slightest doubt of it."

"May ask where you got the stuff?"

"It was imported into this country by a drug firm merely as a curiosity. They put it up in tiny vials which I suppose were sent around to different persons like myself. It was a dangerous piece of business and I gave them no credit for doing it."

"What was the name of the firm?"

"I would not tell everybody, but I know I can trust you to keep a secret. The firm was Alexander & Co., of Rochester, who stand very high in the trade. I buy many things from them from time to time, and their traveling man, a Mr. Ostrello, gave me the powder when he called. He told me how the firm had experimented on a dog and an ox. Both died in less than two minutes, and each with cramps. But after death neither animal showed the least trace of the poison."

"Wasn't this Ostrello afraid to handle the stuff?"

"Not as much as I was. He said he was a bit used to it. I told him I didn't want to get used to it. Have another glass of wine?"

"No, I prefer to smoke, thanks just the same. I am interested in this yamlang, as you call it. Where can I get the stuff?"

"No more of it can be had. I rather think they got afraid of it. Wait, I'll get the vial it was in. Perhaps there is a whiff left in it."

"Thanks, but do you think I want to die?" queried the detective, and gave a laugh.

When the empty vial was produced he opened it and took a short sniff. Then he drew his breath in sharply. A faint odor was perceptible, the same odor he had detected in the carpet on the upper hallway of the Langmore mansion.

"Do you smell it?" questioned the physician.

"Yes, but not very well. I don't think it will affect me much."

"I trust not, my dear Adams. We cannot afford to lose you. Now, what is it all about?"

"Another case, that's all. I don't feel like talking about it just yet. I'll give you the particulars some other time."

"And have I helped you?"

"I think you have."

"Of course there are other powders—and there is chloroform——"

"I think we have struck a clue in this. But I must be going."

"What, so soon!" Rudolph Calkey looked hurt. "I was thinking you'd stay the day out. We could chat over old times—I'll order an extra supper—"

"No, not today. When this case is settled, I'll come over and we'll make an evening of it." And then the detective had to fairly tear himself from the doctor and the house. They were old friends and had worked on many a case together.

Once back in his office Adam Adams smiled grimly to himself.

"Now, Mr. Tom Ostrello, it looks as if we had you good and hard," he murmured. "You were seen around the place at the time of the murder by Cephas Carboy, you left the bit of paper in the library, you quarreled at one time with Mr. Langmore and also quarreled with your mother. The murder was committed by means of that deadly Chinese powder, and you are one of the few persons in this country who knew of the heathenish compound. If you are innocent I rather reckon you have a heap of explanations to make."

There were two callers who took an hour of the detective's time, and then he prepared to return to Sidham, to learn if possible more concerning Tom Ostrello, and if anybody besides Cephas Carboy had seen him around that vicinity on the morning of the tragedy.

"Letty, I may not be back tonight," he remarked, as he came out into the general office. "And it may be that I'll not be back tomorrow."

"All right, Uncle Adam. What shall I tell Mr. Capes?"

"Tell him that the bond matter must wait. He'll have to get those numbers if he possibly can. The other record was destroyed."

As Adam Adams spoke he drew closer to the desk at which his assistant was sitting. He glanced down at an envelope lying there and started slightly.

"Where did this come from Letty?" he questioned. The envelope was postmarked New York and the upper left-hand corner bore the notice:

"Return in 10 days to
Alexander & Company,
Wholesale Druggists,
22-32 Wadley Street,
Rochester, N. Y."

The girl glanced at the envelope and then at her employer and blushed deeply.

"Oh, why, that—that is a note from a friend of mine."

"A gentleman friend, I suppose."

"Yes, Uncle Adam. I met him last winter, at Mrs. Dally's reception. He is a traveling salesman for this house," she pointed to the notice on the envelope. "He wants me to go to the theatre with him, and I expect to go. Mrs. Dally says he is a very nice young man. We—we have been out a number of times." And the girl blushed again.

"I know some parties connected with that firm. What's the young man's name, Letty?"

"Mr. Tom Ostrello."

"Indeed! And he has invited you to go to the theatre with him?"

"Yes. Then you know him, Uncle Adam. I didn't dream of that. Don't you think he is rather nice?"

"Evidently you think so." For some reason the detective could scarcely steady his voice. He was a bachelor, with only some distant relatives, and he thought a good deal of his protegee and her welfare.

"I—I do, Uncle Adam. He treats me so nicely. I—I—don't you approve of him?" she went on hastily, searching his face for the smile that usually rested there when he spoke to her.

"Why, I—er—I don't know him so well as all that, Letty." For the first time in his life he was visibly confused. "You say he has called on you a number of times?"

"Yes, and he has taken me out, let me see, I guess it must be a dozen times all told. I—I wanted to speak of this before, but I—well, I couldn't bring it around. I hope you'll approve, Uncle Adam."

"Approve of your going out with him?"

"Yes, and—and——" The girl hesitated again. Then she arose and buried her face on his shoulder. "Oh! don't you understand, Uncle Adam?"

"Letty!"

"He is very nice—I know you'll like him when you get to really know him. Of course, he hasn't much money, but I don't care for that. You always said money didn't count for much anyway—that it was character—and he's got that."

"Hum!" For the life of him Adam Adams could not speak. He felt himself growing hot and cold by turns. He caught the girl closer. Never had he loved his friend's daughter so much as now.

"I hoped you would approve," she went on, shyly. "I— of course I didn't want to leave you—you've been so very good to me since papa and mamma died. But—but Tom doesn't seem to want to wait. He has asked me twice now and —and—I don't know how I am going to put him off. He seems so miserable when I say wait."

"Asked you to marry him?"

"Yes."

"And he wants you to go to the theatre with him—now?"

"The invitation is for tonight—he sent it last week. He has been traveling out of town, but he said he would be back some time today. I want you to meet him." She paused. "Isn't it all right, Uncle Adams?"

He did not answer, and she gazed at him curiously. Then the look in his face made her draw back, slowly and uncertainly. At that moment he felt that the occupation of a detective was the most detestable in the world.

"You—you know something?" she gasped. "Oh, Uncle Adam, what is it?"

To Be Continued.

Shooting Off Smokestack.

Los Angeles Tribune.

A .32 caliber revolver, steel bullets and the keen eye and steady hand of J. R. Porter, an employe of the city health department, have cut 30 feet off the top of the incinerator stack at the corporation yards. That section of the stack, which is 130 feet high, had become corroded and useless. After puzzling for some time over how it could be removed it was decided that Porter, who is a crack shot, should shoot it off.

He began work several days ago, sending his first bullets at the lowest point of rust and making a circle around the pipe, which is three feet in diameter. Without varying more than an inch from the line he started, Porter perforated the stack, completing his feat today, and it now totters and waits only for a stiff breeze to send it to the ground.

THE RUSH TO THE CITIES

THE tendency of population towards the cities continues, despite the country-life propaganda that finds its testimonials in picture sections of the papers and magazines, says Munsey's. A bulletin of the census for 1910 shows that the population of some of the eastern states is in the cities to a startling extent. For instance, Rhode Island has 524,000 persons in cities, and only 18,000 in the country. The country, by the way, means not only the open country, but also includes towns and villages of less than 2,500 inhabitants. In the whole United States, several million persons live in such communities, and are in truth more urban than rural.

Massachusetts has 3,125,000 persons in cities and towns of more than 2,500 inhabitants, and only 241,000 in the country and the villages. Even in Illinois, in the heart of the agricultural region, the urban population has outrun the rural; and the same is true of Ohio.

Vermont is the only New England state where rural population, thus reckoned, exceeds urban. The south and southwest contain the greatest proportions of rural inhabitants. Texas has three times as many rural as urban, Georgia almost four times as many, and Arkansas more than six times as many.

We are coming to realize that the conditions of this problem have been precisely reversed in the last generation. The country used to be the place for the man without capital; Uncle Sam, as the old song said, was rich enough to give us all a farm. Today, we begin to hear the complaint that the countryman must be either a capitalist or a hired man. It is the city, we are told, that affords the opportunities for energy, enterprise, talent, to gain recognition and reward, even though they have no immediate backing of capital. The city makes the capitalist, and then the capitalists go out to the country — for week-ends and vacations and the fun of spending their money.

There is something in these ideas, no doubt, and the census reports show that they are having their effect upon the movement of our population. Yet there is another side to the picture. The greater the rush to the cities, the fiercer becomes the competition for every opening in business. As the producers of food dwindle in numbers and the consumers multiply, the cost of living is forced upward and the conditions of the struggle become more and more difficult. The rewards of success are still there, but the penalties of failure grow more and more terrible.

Let the farm lad who dreams of the "opportunities" of the city think twice—yes, thrice—before he yields to the lure of the crowded market place. Will money—even if he can succeed in grasping it—repay him for leaving the healthier and more independent life of the country, with its freedom from fear of the squalid poverty so hideously in evidence in our seething slums?

An Impression of Westminster Abbey

Washington Irving

THE last beams of the day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in the high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapel and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed stranger shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the poet's corner had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.

I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating, but found they were already fallen into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation, a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion! It is indeed the empire of Death—his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name! Time is ever stiently turning over his pages; we are too engrossed by the story of the present to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of today pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of tomorrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Browne, "find their graves in our short memories and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors."

The Next Senate Evenly Divided

From a Letter in the Market World and Chronicle.

Discussion of the November election has thus far centered around the presidency, but so far as future legislation is concerned the political complexion of the senate will be of great and probably of paramount importance. The prevalent opinion in Wall street appears to be that Gov. Wilson will be elected; and the present Democratic majority in the house is so large that a political "tidal wave" would be necessary to overturn it. But what is the situation in the senate?

As is well known, the senate is a "continuing body" and the terms of one-third of its members expire every two years, so that there are 32 senators to be elected whose terms will begin on March 4, 1913. At present there are two vacant seats; and of the 94 present senators 51 are classed as Republicans and 43 are Democrats.

Only 13 of the 32 senators whose terms expire next March are Democrats, and in the following 11 states their successors will no doubt be of the same party:

Alabama.	Mississippi.
Arkansas.	North Carolina.
Georgia.	Oklahoma.
Kentucky.	South Carolina.
Louisiana.	Texas.
	Virginia.

The remaining two states are Maine and West Virgina; and, as they are both normally Republican, it is not unlikely that the Democrats will lose two senators, one from each of these states.

On the other hand, of the 19 states in which the terms of the Republican senators are ending only 14 seem certainly Republican:

Delaware.	Minnesota.
Idaho.	New Hampshire.
Illinois.	Oregon.
Iowa.	Rhode Island.
Kansas.	South Dakota.
Massachusetts.	Wyoming.
Michigan.	New Mexico.

Of the five states not listed above the Democrats will probably be successful in Colorado, Nebraska and Tennessee, and have a very fair chance in Montana and in New Jersey, all of these states now having Democratic legislatures except New Jersey.

The two states now represented by only one senator each are Illinois and Colorado, and the former is almost certainly Republican and the latter probably Democratic. The Democrats may also gain a seat in Nevada, where the legislature is now Democratic; but Senator Massey, Republican, is at present holding a temporary appointment from the governor.

Giving every state here classed as doubtful to the Democrats, the senate in the next congress would stand 50 Democrats and 46 Republicans. This makes a Democratic majority possible; yet it does not seem likely, as such a result would require the election of a Democratic legislature in every closely contested state.

In the absence of a political overturn such as is occasionally seen in this country, the probabilities are that the present Democratic strength in the senate will be slightly increased, making that body, at least nominally, very evenly divided politically—but with the balance of power in the senate in the next congress, as now, held by the Progressive insurgent and "Bull Moose" Republicans.

Adrenalin.

Harper's Weekly.

The modern surgeon considers adrenalin indispensable to his work. It is the active principle of the suprarenal capsules, a very powerful astringent and one of the most costly of drugs, because a herd of cattle is required to supply enough of the preparation to fill a small vial. The German chemist, Emile Fischer, and others are experimenting with a view to producing a synthetic adrenalin based on the elements of tar. The drug now known is used in a solution of the proportions of one part of adrenalin to two thousand parts of water. No known substance is so powerful in its action. A mixture in the proportions given above so influences the arterial tension that it suspends the circulation instantly and without altering the tissues in any way. Adrenalin is specially useful in controlling hemorrhages.

Turkish Bath Popular.

Harper's Weekly.

There is a widesprad use of the vapor, or Turkish bath. Even in Arctic Lapland the use of a Turkish bath of very primitive form is common. It consists of a hut attached to every farm. In teh middle of the hut is raised a kind of beehive of rough stones and in this a fire is lighted. When the stones become redhot they are drenched with water, so that the place is filled with vapor. Then enter the bathers, who are armed with birch twigs, with which they belabor one another until all are in a state of profuse perspiration. Then all leave the hut and roll in the snow outside. This last function, it will be observed, is equivalent to the cold plunge which is the final experience in the Turkish bath as known to us all.

The Changed Apache Tribe

Indianapolis Star.

AFTER 26 years of captivity as prisoners of war, a band of 278 Apache raiders and warriors are to go free and in addition receive an appropriation of $250,000 for such distribution as the war department may direct. And in that brief news item there are wrapped many thrills and the fading romance of the bounding west.

This band of Indian prisoners was captured by Gen. Laweon, a noted Hoosier soldier who met death in the Philippines, and Gen. Miles, a brave Indian fighter, after a chase of thousands of miles. The band was hunted like wolves, but when once entrenched in mountain labyrinths the Indians fought like demons and were only dislodged by actual starvation.

So, broken in spirit, their warlike natures crushed by civilization's advance, the remnants of the bloodthirsty warriors that made Geronimo's name a terror throughout North America may be restored to their mountain fastnesses in New Mexico and Arizona. Many of the old chiefs, whose bands left a trail of blood and blazing homesteads across the southwestern frontier are dead. But their children, and the children of other warriors, born prisoners of war, have remained so all these years.

The Indian spirit has been humbled and the brave who wore so proudly the painted face, feathers and furs, now wears government brogans, "store clothes" and a celluloid collar. Twentieth century apparel has done its deadly work.

It is difficult to conceive of the change in this Apache tribe. These Indians, according to the frontiersmen, were the most savage of any tribe on the American continent. Their children were brought up to inflict the most fiendish cruelty on dumb animals, and when they were men they killed and tortured for the mere satisfaction of inflicting pain. Gen. Miles himself, in one of his books on Indian fighting, declares the ferocity, cunning and endurance of Geronimo's band have never been surpassed in the annals of savage life. On one raid the band traveled more than 1,200 miles in four weeks, leaving a crimson trail of blood in its wake, massacreing settlers and burning their property.

It was Gen. Miles who beat the Indians at their own game. Through the use of smoke fires the Apaches were able to signal the various band a great distance away. Gen. Miles put the heliostat in use, establishing signal stations on the mountains and was at last able to outwit Geronimo.

Geronimo and his band were captured several times, but would never "stay put." After a fierce warfare by Gen. Lawton and Gen. Miles, the band was surprised and cauptured in July, 1886, Geronimo escaping. Later he came in and surrendered, and he and his warriors removed to Florida and later to a western reservation. With the freeing of these Indians the last prisoners of war held in the United States are liberated, and with them go the glory of the frontier days.

CHAPTER XV.—(Continued.)

Nine hundred pounds English, and a comfortable fraction over; the yellow-haired dog would have nothing in the end for his pains. It would be what the Feringhi called a good joke.

A week passed. Christmas. And not one of hetm recalled the day. Perhaps it was because years had passed since that time when it meant anything to them. The old year went out a-lagging; neither did they take notice of this. Having left behind civilization, customs and habits were forgotten.

Sometimes they rode all day and all night, sometimes but half a day, and again, when the water was sweet, they rested the day and night. Never a human being they saw, never a caravan met or crossed them. In this week, the secret marvels of the desert became theirs. They saw it gleam and waver and glitter under skies of brass, when the north wind let down and a breeze came over from the Persian Gulf. They saw it covered with the most amazing blues and greys and greens. They saw it under the rarest azure and a stately fleet of billowy clouds; under the dawn, under the set of sun, under the moon and the stars, and unfailingly the interminable reaches of sand and rock and scrubby bush, chameleon-like, readjusted its countenance to each change in the sky. George, who was a poet without the gift of expression, never ceased to find new charms; and nothing pleased his fancy more than to see the cloud-shadows scud away across the sands. Once, toward the latter end of day, Fortune cried out and pointed. Far away, palely yet distinctly, they saw an ocean liner. He stood out against the yellowing sky as a magic-lantern picture stands out upon the screen, and faded similarly. It was the one and only mirage they saw, or at least noticed.

Once another caravan, composed wholly of Arabs, passed. What hope the prisoners had was instantly snuffed out. Before the strangers came within hailing, Mahomed hustled his captives into his tent and swore he would kill either George or Ryanne if they spoke. He forgot Fortune, however. As the caravan was passing she screamed. Instantly Mahomed clapped his hand roughly over her mouth. The sheik of the passing caravan looked keenly at the tent, smiled grimly and passed on. What was it to him that a white woman lay in yonder tent? His one emotion was of envy. After this the prisoners became apathetic.

Upon the seventh day they witnessed the desert's terrifying anger. The air that had been cool, suddenly grew still and hot; the blue above began to fade, to assume a dusty, copperish color. The camels grew restless. Quickly there arose out of the horizon saffron clouds, approaching with incredible swiftness. Little whirlwinds of sand appeared here and there, rose and died as if for want of air. Mahomed veered the caravan toward a kind of bluff composed of sand and precipitous boulders. All the camels were made to kneel. The boys muffled up their mouths and noses, and Mahomed gave instructions to his captives. Fortune buried her head in her coat and nestled down beside her camel, while George and Ryanne used their handkerchiefs. George left his camel and sought Fortune's side, found her hand and held it tightly. He scarcely gave thought to what he did. He vaguely meant to encourage her; and possibly he did.

The storm broke. The sun became obscured. Pebbles and splinters of rock sang through the pall of whirling sand. A golden tone enveloped the little gathering.

Had there been no natural protection, they must have ridden on, blindly and desperately, for to have remained still in the open would have been to await their tombs. It spent its fury in half an hour; and the clearing air became cold again. The caravan proceeded. The hair of every one was dimly yellow, their faces and their garments.

When camp was made that night it found the captives untalkative. The girl and the two men sat moodily about the fire. Fatigue had dulled their bodies and hopelessness their minds. The men were ragged now, unkempt; a stubble of beard covered their faces, gaunt yet burned. George had lost his remaining pump, and as his stockings were now full of holes, he had, in the last flicker of personal pride, wound about them some cast-off cloths he had found. There was not enough water for ablutions; there were scarcely enough to assuage thirst.

By and by, Ryanne, without turning his head, spoke to George. "You say you questioned the courier?"

"Yes."

"He says he showed the note to no one?"

"Yes."

"And so no one will try to find us?"

"No."

Ryanne had asked these questions a dozen times and George had always given the same answers.

Up and away at dawn, for they must reach the well that night. It was a terrible day for them all. Even the beasts showed signs of distress. And the worst of it was, Mahomed was not quite sure of his route. Fortunately, they found the well. They drank like mad people.

Ryanne, who had discovered a pack of cards in his pocket, played patience upon a spot smoothed level with his hand. He became absorbed in the game, and the boys gathered round him curiously. Whenever he succeeded in turning out the fifty-two cards, he would smile and rub his hands together. The boys at length considered him unbalanced mentally, and in consequence looked upon him as a near-holy man.

Between Fortune and George, conversation dwindled down to a query and an answer.

"Can I do anything for you?"

"No thanks; I am getting along nicely."

To-night she retired early, and George joined Ryanne's audience.

"It averages about nine cards to the play," he commented.

Ryanne turner over an ace. Ten or fifteen minutes went by. In the several attempts he had failed to score the full complement.

George laughed.

"What's in your mind?" cried Ryanne peevishly. If it's anything worth telling, shoot it out, shoot it out!"

I was thinking what I'd do to a club-steak about now."

Ryanne stared beyond the fire. "A club-steak. Grilled mushrooms."

"Sauce Bordelaise. Artichokes."

"No. Asparagus, vinaigrette."

"What's the matter with endives?"

"That's so. Well, asparagus with butter-sauce."

"Grilled sweets, coffee, Benedictine and cigars."

"And a magnum of '1900' to start off with!" Ryanne, with a sudden change of mood, scooped up the cards and flung them at George's head. "Do you want both of us to become gibbering idiots?"

George ducked. He and the boys gathered in the fluttering pasteboards.

"You're right, Percival." Ryanne admitted humbly. "It will not hurt us to talk out loud, and we are brooding too much. I am crazy for the want of tobacco. I'd trade the best dinner ever cooked for a decent cigar."

George put a hand reluctantly into his pocket. He brought forth, with extreme gentleness, a cigar, the wrapper of which was broken in many places. "I've saved this for days," he said. With his pen-knife he sawed it delicately in two equal parts and gave one to Ryanne.

"You're a good fellow, Jones, and I've turned you a shabby trick. I shan't forget this bit of tobacco."

"It's the last we've got. The boys, you know, refuse a pull at the water-pipes; defiles them, they say. Funny beggers! And if they gave us tobacco, we shouldn't have paper or pipes."

"I always carry a pipe, but I lost it in the shuffle. I never looked upon smoking as a bad habit. I suppose it's because I was never caught before without it. And it is a bad habit, since it knocks up a chap this way for the lack of it. Where do you get your club-steaks in old N. Y.?"

And for an hour or more they solemnly discussed the cooking here and there upon the face of the globe.

By judicious inquiries, George ascertained that the trip to Bagdad, barring accidents, would take fully 25 days. The daily journeys proceeded uneventfully. Mahomed maintained a taciturn grimness. If he aimed at Ryanne at all, it was in trifling annoyances, such as forgetting to give him his rations unless he asked for them, or walking over the cards spread out upon the sand. Ryanne carried himself very well. Had he been alone, he would have broken loose against Mahomed; but he thought of the others, and restrained himself—some consideration was due them.

But into the blood of the two men there crept a petty irritability. They answered one another sharply, and often did not speak. Fortune alone seemed mild and gentle. Mahomed, since that night she had braved him, let her go and come as she pleased, nor once disturbed her. Had she shown weakness when most she needed courage, Mahomed might not have altered his plans. Admiration of courage is inherent in all peoples. So, without appreciating it, that moment had been a precious one, saving them all much unpleasantness.

By the twentieth day, the caravan was far into the Arabian desert, and early in the afternoon they came upon a beautiful oasis, nestling like an emerald in a plaque of gold. So many days had passed since the beloved green of growing things had soothed their inflamed eyes that the sight of this haven cheered them all mightily. Once under the shade of the palms, the trio picked up heart. Fortune sang a song, George told a funny story, and Ryanne wanted to know if they wouldn't take a hand at euchre. Indeed, that oasis was the turning point of the crisis. Another week upon the dreary, profitless sands, and their spirits would have gone under completely.

This oasis was close to the regular camel-way, there being a larger oasis some twenty-odd miles to the north. But Mahomed felt safe at this distance and decided to freshen up the caravan by a two-days' rest.

George immediately began to show Fortune little attentions. He fixed her saddlebags, spread out her blanket, brought her some ripe dates of his own picking, insisted upon going to the well and drawing the water she was to drink. And oh! how sweet and cool that water was, after the gritty flat liquid they had been drinking! Just before sunset he and Fortune set out upon a voyage of discovery; and Ryanne paused in his game of patience to watch them. There was more self-abnegation than bitterness in his eyes. Why not? If Fortune returned to her mother, sooner or later the thunderbolt would fall. Far better that she should fall in love with Jones than to go back to the overhanging shadow. A smile lifted the corners of his lips, a sad smile. Percival didn't look the part of a hero. His coat was variously spit under the arms and across the shoulders; his trousers were ragged, and he walked in his cloth pads like a man who had gout in both feet. A beard covered his face, and the bare spots were blistered and peeling. But there was youth in his heart, and surely the youth in hers must some day respond. She would know this young man; she would know that adversity could not crush him; that the promise of safety could not make a coward of him; that he was loyal and brave and honest. She would

know in twenty days what it takes the average woman twenty years to learn, the manner of man who professed to love her. Ryanne left the game unfinished, stretched himself upon the ground with his face hidden in the crook of his arms. Oh, the bitter cup, the bitter cup!

Round the fire that night, the camel-boys got out their tom-toms, and the eerie music affected the white people hauntingly and mysteriously. For thousands of years, the high and low notes of the drums (hollow earthenjars or large gourds covered with goat-skin at one end) and the thin, metallic wail of the reeds had echoed across the deserts unchanged. The boys swayed to and fro to the rhythm, gradually working themselves into an ecstatic frenzy.

Fortune always remembered that night. Wrapped in her blanket, she had lain down just outside the circle, and had fallen into a doze. When the music stopped and the boys left the prisoners to themselves, George and Ryanne talked.

"I never forget faces," began George.

"No? That's a gift."

"And I have never forgotten yours. I was in doubt at first, but not now."

"I never met you till that night at the hotel."

"That's true. But you are Horace Wadsworth, all the same, the son of the millionaire-banker, the man I used to admire in the field."

"You still think I'm that chap?"

"I am sure of it. The first morning you gave yourself away."

"What did I say?" anxiously.

"You mumbled football phrases."

"Ah!" Ryanne was vastly relieved. He seemed to be thinking.

"Do you persist in denying it?"

"I might deny it, but I shan't. I'm Horace Wadsworth, all right. Fortune knows something about that chapter, but not all. Strikes you odd, eh?" continued Ryanne, iron in his voice. "Every opportunity in the world and yet, here I am. How much do you know, I wonder?"

"You took some money from the bank, I think they said."

"Right-O! Wine, Percival; cards, wine and other things. Advice and warning went into one ear and out of the other. Always so, eh? You have heard of my brother, I dare say. Well, he wouldn't lend me two stamps were to write for the undertaker to come and collect my remains. Beautiful history! I've been doing some tall th'nking these lonely nights. Only the straight and narrow way pays. Be good, even if you are lonesome. When I get back, if I ever do, it's a new leaf for mine. Neither wine nor cards nor women."

Silence. The fire no longer blazed; it glowed.

"Who is Mrs. Chedcoye?" George finally began anew.

"First, how did you chance to make her acquaintance?"

"Some years ago, at Monte Carlo."

"And she borrowed a hundred and fifty pounds of you."

"Who told you that?" quickly.

"She did. She paid you back."

"Yes."

"And she hadn't intended to. You poor innocent!"

"Why do you call me that?"

"To lend money at Monte Carlo to a woman whose name you did not know at the time! Green, green as a paddy field! I'll tell you who she is, because you're bound to learn sooner or later. She is one of the most adroit smugglers of the age; jewels and rare laces. And never once has the secret-service been able to touch her. Her brother, the Major, assists her when he isn't fleecing tender lambs at all games of chance. He's a card-sharp, one of the best of them. He tried to teach me, but I never could cheat a man at cards. Never makes any false moves, but waits for the quarry to offer itself. That poor child has always been wondering and wondering, but she never succeeded in finding out the truth. Brother and sister have made a handsome living, and many a time I have helped them out. There; you have me in the ring, too. But who cares? The father, so I understand, married Fortune's mother for love; she married him for his money, and he hadn't any. Drink and despair despatched him quickly enough. She is a remarkable woman, and if she had a heart, she would be the greatest of them all. She has as much heart as this beetle," as he filliped the green iridescent shell into the fire. "But, after all, she's lucky. It's a bad thing to have a heart, Percival, a bad thing. Some one is sure to come along and wring it, to jab it and stab it."

"The poor little girl!"

"Percival, I'm no fool. I've been watching you. Go in and win her; and God bless you both. She's not for me, she's not for me!"

"But what place have I in all this?" evasively.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Why did Mrs. Chedsoye pay me back, when her original intention had not been to pay me?"

"You'll find all that written in the book of fate, as Mahomed would say. More, I can not tell you."

"Will not?"

"Well, that phrase expresses it." They both heard the sound. Fortune, her face white and drawn, stood immediately behind them.

CHAPTER XVI.

Mahomed Rides Alone.

It was as if the stillness of the desert itself had encompassed the two men. In their ears the slither of the brittle palm-leaves against one another and the crackle of the fire were no longer sounds. They stared at Fortune with that speechless wonder of men who had come unexpectedly upon a wraith. What with the faint glow of the fire upon one side of her and the pallor of moonshine upon the other, she did indeed resemble man's conception of the spiritual.

Ryanne was first to pull himself together.

"Fortune, I am sorry; God knows I am. I'd have cut out my tongue rather than have hurt you. I thought you were asleep in the tent."

"Is it true?"

"Yes." Ryanne looked away.

"I had not quite expected this: the daughter of a thief."

"Oh, come now; don't look at it that way. Smuggling is altogether a different thing," protested Ryanne. (Women were uncertain; here she was, apparently the least agitated of the three.) "Why, hundreds of men and women, who regularly go to church, think nothing of beating Uncle Sam out of a few dollars. Here's Jones, for instance; he would have tried to smuggle in that rug. Isn't that right, Jones?"

"Of course!" cried George eagerly, though scarcely knowing what he said. "I'd have done it."

"And you wouldn't call Percival a thief," with a forced laugh. "It's like this, Fortune. Uncle Sam wants altogether too much rake-off. He doesn't give us a square deal; and so we even up the matter by trying to beat him. Scruples? Rot!"

"It is stealing," with quiet conviction.

"It isn't, either. Listen to me. Suppose I purchase a pearl necklace in Rome, and pay five thousand for it. Uncle Sam will boost up the value more than one-half. And what for. To protect infant industries? Bally rot! We don't make pearls in the States; our oysters aren't educated up to it." His flippancy found no response in her. "Well, suppose I get that necklace through the customs without paying the duty. I make twenty-five hundred or so. And nobody is hurt. That's all your mother does."

"It is stealing," she reiterated.

How wan she looked! thought George.

"How can you make that stealing?" Ryanne was provoked.

"The law puts a duty upon such things; if you do not pay it, you steal. Oh, Horace, don't waste your time in specious arguments." She made a gesture, weariness personified. "It is stealing; all the arguments in the world can not change it into anything else. And how about my uncle who fleeces the lambs at cards, and how about my mother who knows and permits it?"

Ryanne had no plausible argument to offer against these queries.

"Is not my uncle a thief, and is not my mother an abettor? I do not know of anything so vile." Her figure grew less erect. To George's eyes, dimmed by the reflecting misery in hers, she drooped, as a flower exposed to sudden cold. "I think the thief in the night much honester than one who cheats at cards. A card-sharp; did you not call it that? Don't lie, Horace; it will only make me sad."

"I shan't lie any more, Fortune. All that you believe is true; and I would to God that it were otherwise. And I've been a partner in many of their exploits. But not at cards, Fortune; not at cards. I'm not that kind of a cheat."

"Thank you. I should have known some time, and perhaps only half a truth. Now I know all there is to know." She held her hands out before her and studied them. "I shall never go back."

"Good Lord! Fortune, you must. You'd be as helpless as a babe. What could you do without money and comfort?"

"I can become a clerk in the shop. It will be honest. Bread at Mentone would choke me;" and she choked a little then as she spoke.

"My dear Fortune," said Ryanne, calling into life that persuasive sweetness which upon occasions he could put into his tones, "have you ever thought how beautiful you are? No, I don't believe you have. Some ancestor of your father's has been reincarnated in you. You are without vanity and dishonesty; and I have found that these usually go together. Well, at Mentone you had a little experience with men. You were under protection then; protection it was of a sort. If you go out into the world alone, there will be no protection; and you will find that men are wolves generally, and that the sport of the chase is a woman. Must I make it plainer?"

"I understand," her chin once more resolute. "I shall become a clerk in a shop. Perhaps I can teach, or become a nurse. Whatever I do, I shall never go back to Mentone. And all men are not bad. You're not all bad yourself, Horace; and so far as I am concerned, I believe I might trust you anywhere."

"And God knows you could!" genuinely. "But I can't help you. If I had a sister or a woman relative, I could send you to her. But I have no one but my brother, and he's a worse scoundrel than I am. I at least work out in the open. He transacts his villainies behind closed doors."

George listened, sitting as motionless as a Buddhist idol. Why couldn't he think of something? Why couldn't he come to the aid of the woman he loved in this her hour of trial? A fine lover, forsooth! To sit there like a yokel, stupidly! Could he offer to lend her money? A thousand times, no! And he could not ask her to marry him; it would not have been fair to either. She would have misunderstood; she would have seen not love but pity, and refused him. Neither she nor Ryanne suffered more in spirit than he did at that moment.

"Jones, for God's sake, wake up and suggest something! You know lots of decent people. Can't you think of some one?"

But for this call George might have continued to grope in darkness. Instantly he saw a way. He jumped to his feet and seized her by the hands, boyishly.

"Fortune, Ryanne is right. I've found a way. Mr. Mortimer, the president of my firm, is an old man, kindly and lovable. He and his wife are childless. They'll take you. Why, it's as easy as talking."

She leaned back against the drawing of his hands. She was afraid that in his eagerness he was going to take her in his arms. She wondered why of a sudden, she had become so weak. Slowly she withdrew her hands from his.

"I'll cable the moment we reach port," he said, as if reaching port under the existing conditions was a thing quite possible. "Will you go to them. Why, they will give you every care in the world. And they will love you as . . . as you ought to be loved!"

Ryanne turned away his head.

Fortune was too deeply absorbed by her misery to note how near George had come to committing himself. "Thank you, Mr. Jones; thank you. I am going to the tent. I am tired. And I am not so brave as you think I am."

"But will you?"

"I shall tell you when we reach port." And with that she fled to the tent.

Ryanne folded his arms and stared at the sand. George sat down and aimlessly hunted for the stub of the cigar he had dropped; a kind of reflex action.

The two men were all alone. The camel-boys were asleep. Mahomed had now ceased to bother about a guard.

"I can't see where she gets this ridiculous sense of honesty," said Ryanne gloomily.

George leaned over and laid his hand upon Ryanne's knee. "She gets it the same way I do, Ryanne—from here," touching his heart; "and she is right."

"I believe I've missed everything worth while, Percival. Till I met you I always had a sneaking idea that money made a man evil. The boot seems to be upon the other foot."

"Ryanne, you spoke about becoming honest, once you get out of this. Did you mean it?"

"I did, and still do."

"It may be that I can give you a lift. You worked in your father's bank. You kow something about figures. I own two large fruit-farms in California. What do you say to a hundred and fifty a month to start with, and begin live over again?"

Ryanne got up and restlessly paced. Nonchalance had been beaten out of him; the mercurial humor which had once been so pleasant to excite, which had once given him foothold in such moments, was gone. He had only one feeling, a keen, biting, bitter shame. At length he stopped in front of George, who smiled and looked up expectantly.

"Jones, when you stick your finger into water and withdraw it, what happens? Nothing. Well, the man who gives me a benefit is sticking his finger into water. I'm just as unstable. How many promises have I made and broken! I mean, promises to myself. I don't know. This moment I swear to be good, and along comes a pack of cards or a bottle of wine, and back I slip. Would it be worth while to trust a man so damned weak as that? Look at me. I am six-foot two, normally a hundred and eighty pounds, no fat. I am as sound as a cocoanut. There isn't a boxer in the States I'm afraid of. I can ride, shoot, fence, fight; there isn't a game I can't take a creditable hand in. So much for that. There's the other side. Morally, I'm putty. When it's soft you can mold it any which way; when it's hard it crumbles. Will you trust a man like that?"

"Yes. Out there you'll be away from temptation."

"Perhaps. Well, I accept. And if one day I'm missing, think kindly of the poor devil of an outcast who wanted to be good and couldn't be. I'm fagged. I'm going to turn in. Good night."

He picked up his blanket and saddle-bags and made his bed a dozen yards away.

George set his gaze at the fire, now falling in places and showing incandescent holes. A month ago, in the rut of commonplace, moving round in the oiled grooves of mediocrity. Bang! like a rocket. Why, never had those liars in the smoke-rooms recounted anything half so wild and strange as this adventure. Smugglers, card-sharps, an ancient rug, a caravan in the desert! He turned his head and looked long and earnestly at the little tent. Love, too; love that had put into his diffident heart the thrill and courage of a Bayard. Love! He saw her again as she stepped down from the carriage; in the dining-room at his side, leaning over the parapet; ineffably sweet hauntingly sad. Would she accept the refuge he had offered? He knew that old Mortimer would take her without question. Would she accept the shelter of that kindly roof. She must! If she refused and went her own way into the world, he would lose her for ever. She must accept! He would plead with all the eloquence of his soul, for his own happiness, and mayhap hers. He rose, faced the tent, and, with a gesture not unlike that of the pagan in prayer, registered a vow that never should she want for protection, never should she want for comforts of life. How he was going to keep such a vow was a question that did not enter his head. Somehow he was going to accomplish the feat.

To Be Continued.

For photographers' use in dark rooms there has been devised a lamp carrying several different colored glasses in a wheel in front of its opening, so that any colored light can be obtained when desired.

CAREFUL DOCTOR

Prescribed Change of Food Instead of Drugs.

It takes considerable courage for a doctor to deliberately prescribe only food for a despairing patient, instead of resorting to the usual list of medicines.

There are some truly scientific physicians among the present generation who recognize and treat conditions as they are and should be treated, regardless of the value to their pockets. Here's an instance:

"Four years ago I was taken with severe gastritis and nothing would stay on my stomach, so that I was on the verge of starvation.

"I heard of a doctor who had a summer cottage near me—a specialist from N. Y.—and as a last hope, sent for him.

"After he had examined me carefully he advised me to try a small quantity of Grape-Nuts at first, then as my stomach became stronger to eat more.

"I kept at it and gradually got so I could eat and digest three teaspoonfuls. Then I began to have color in my face, memory became clear, where before everything seemed a blank. My limbs got stronger and I could walk. So I steadily recovered.

"Now, after a year on Grape-Nuts, I weigh 153 pounds. My people were surprised at the way I grew fleshy and strong on this food." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

"There's a reason."

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

Lenses Free

Now see here, friend! What's the use of your tearing and scratching your eyes out, reading this fine print with those old, dim and misty spectacles of yours, when you can just as well write and get a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" lenses absolutely free of charge.

You see, I have absolute confidence that just one try-out on your part will make you a permanent booster for my famous "Perfect Vision" spectacles, and I am therefore going to send every reader of this paper a pair of my latest improved lenses absolutely free of charge as an advertisement.

AND THE REASON IS

—Because these "Perfect Vision" lenses of mine will enable you to read the very finest print in your bible, thread the smallest-eyed needle you can get hold of, shoot the smallest bird off the tallest tree-top, and distinguish a horse from a cow on the cloudiest days and as far as the eye can reach.—

Now you certainly do want a pair of these wonderful "Perfect Vision" lenses of mine, and I surely want to give you a pair absolutely free—without ever asking you to pay me one penny for them, now and never.

So just write me your name and address on the below coupon and send it to me at once—and I will immediately mail you my Perfect Home Eye Tester and a four-dollar cash certificate entitling you, absolutely free of charge, to a brand new pair of my wonderful "Perfect Vision" lenses, which will again enable you to enjoy your reading, sewing and hunting just as much as you ever did in your younger days.

Write Name and Address Below

DR. RAUX, The Spectacle Man, ST. LOUIS, MO.

Please send me full particulars of your free offer at once.

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The FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments which will be the most valuable answers:

I would like information in the columns of the Farmstead as to what is the best method for preserving eggs.—B., Ludlow, Ky.

Some time ago I saw in these columns a recipe for barn paint made of sweet milk, cement and lead. I mislaid the paper, and now I need the recipe for I want to paint my stile. Will some one tell me the quantities of the different ingredients that one must use?—L., Litchfield, Mich.

Please tell me what is the matter with my brown leghorn hen and give a remedy. She lays regular and eats heartily, but her droppings are bloody and raw. When she is caught she seems short of breath and there is a gurgling sound that can be heard within her. She has free range and I feed corn, wheat, bran mash and occasionally oats. She has been in this condition five or six months.—L., Jasonville, Ind.

Will some reader of the Farmstead tell me how to rid a shed, yard or badly infested place of chicken lice. The sheds, yard, logs and even the ground around the place where we now live is alive with lice. I would like a cheap and effective method of cleaning up the place.—O., Columbiana, Ohio.

I had a very uneven lawn that I dug up and put on it about six inches of dirt to smooth it and then planted grass seed. Though it rained a short time after the whole lawn was covered with wild grass. I smoothed it with a roller and would like to know how to get rid of the weeds and have a nice blue grass lawn in spring.—H., St. Joseph, Mo.

Grape Juice.

Seeing that M., Lewisburg, W. Va., would like a recipe for grape juice, I am sending the following: Weigh the grapes first and then pick them from the stem and put in a kettle. Add very little water and cook until the seeds and pulp separate. Strain through a cloth and return juice to the kettle. Add three pounds of sugar to every 10 pounds of grapes, and heat to simmering. Ten pounds of grapes make one gallon of juice. The juice should be placed in bottles and the corks pushed down even with the top of the bottle so that it can be covered with parafine or melted resin with a little lard in it.—H., Athens, Pa.

Serious Apple Disease.

In the apple growing sections of the northwest, the apple tree anthracnose is a most serious fungus disease. It causes cankers on the trunk and branches, the infection usually taking place in the fall of the year. In addition to the cankers on the tree the fungus is sometimes found upon the fruit. The Oregon station has studied the disease and after experiments has found that treatment with Bordeaux mixture, using a 4:4:50 solution, in the fall before the beginning of the rains, to be followed, as soon as the fruit is picked, by an additional spraying of a 6:6:50 Bordeaux mixture, has proved successful in reducing the amount of disease. It is believed that under ordinary conditions this treatment should be sufficient for controlling the disease, but where the fungus is very prevalent, an additional spraying should be given the trees, beginning somewhat earlier in the season. Where practical the cankers should be cut out before fully formed during the winter or early spring.

Humus.

I have a farm in mind that is known as mighty poor land. It has been rented and rented for about 15 years. Anyone can tell that the trouble is lack of manure or commercial fertilizers of some sort and lack of rotation in cropping. However, I believe that the greatest reason for small production is lack of humus in this soil. I do not know of any one field that has had more than two crops of any sort of green manure plowed under the entire time it has been rented. Certain conditions necessary to first-class productions are fineness of soil when planting and during the growing season, and the water supply. We know that the more manure, straws, grass, weeds, etc., or, in fact, the more humus in the soil, the more that soil becomes like a loam, and we know that all sorts of a loamy character hold moisture better and longer than a harder soil or a sandy one. Therefore, the more humus a soil contains the looser it is, and the looser it is the more moisture can be stored up for rainless seasons.

Humus contains besides a wonderful supply of nitrogen, a supply of phosphoric acid and potash in most cases, or else it assists in making these agents available. One of the common means of keeping the supply of humus needed is by crop rotation, though in most instances this idea is the one least considered. As a standby we use rye, sown in corn at the last cultivation, after the onion field is cleared of its crops, and after the potato crop is removed. Besides the supply of humus supplied it tends to prevent the blowing of the soil by winter winds and the washing away of any fertility by winter and spring floods. Of course, wherever possible the common red clover has our biggest and largest mark of approval. We even hold it superior in this line to alfalfa as well as a general farming crop.—R. E. Rogers in Inter Ocean.

The Windmill.

Unlike all other types of prime movers the weight and cost of windmills increase with the size faster than does the power they yield. The power varies as the square of the diameter of the mill wheel, while the weight should vary as the cube of the diameter, in order to give equal rigidity and security to all sizes. Thus, a 16-foot mill should weigh eight times as much as an eight-foot mill and should cost about eight times as much, yet it only has about four times as much power.

The windmills on the market increase in weight somewhat less than is stated, but the larger sizes are built too light probably and experience shows that they are more often wrecked by high winds or "twisters" than are small mills. The tables in windmill catalogs are computed usually on the assumption that the power varies as the cube of the wheel diameter, but this assumption is false and it results in claiming for the larger sizes much more power than they can devolop.

The depth of water in the well, or the pumping lift, should influence the size of mill. Shallow depth to water and poor supplies favor the use of small mills, and more of them possibly a battery of mills discharging into one tank. Generally it will be found advisable to install 10 or 12-foot mills on 25-foot lift and 14-foot mills on 50-foot lift.—G. E. Smith, in Inter-Ocean.

Water for the Calves.

Advice is commonly given to let the skim-milk calves have no water to drink. Unless plenty of milk is given so that thirst may be quenched, such advice is cruel during the hot months. It arises from the fact that many skim-milk calves will drink far too much water if given access to it immediately after being fed milk, thereby greatly reducing the efficiency of the latter. The milk does not satisfy their appetite and they will fill up on the first thing at hand. If calves are not watered directly after the milk is fed, it will be perfectly safe to give them what water they want to drink and they should have plenty of it during the warm weather.

Preserving Meat in Summer.

Wash jars thoroughly, pack the meat within and add cold water to cover, push meat away from the side to permit the water to get to bottom and all around the meat. Use one-half teaspoonful of salt to each pound of meat. Place covers on jars, but bend clamps backward and forward a few times, so as to make them more pliable. The steam, thus being able to escape, keeps the jars from breaking. Set jars on a rack (tin pail cover with holes punched in it) on the bottom of the kettle. Pour on cold water up to neck of jars, bring to boiling temperature and keep boiling for three hours, remove jars, put on an extra clamp on each jar, let stand for 24 hours and remove clamps, pulling covers to see if they will come off. Repeat this for 10 mornings in succession. At the end of five weeks open some of the jars; the meat will be found as fresh as when put into the jars, and will have a fine flavor.

The Soil Plants Like.

Some plants, like golden glow and nasturtiums, do best in a light soil without any manure.

Roses like a clay soil and it is hardly possible to give them too much manure, provided it is not too close to their roots when first planted. One can hardly grow most roses successfully in a light, sandy soil.

Geraniums will grow in any soil, but must have only a moderate amount of manure and not too much water.

Cannas like the richest soil possible, with an abundance of water after they start to grow.

Many plants will not do well two years in succession in the same place. This is especially true of sweet peas and asters. It is more or less true of all plants. This is why the farmer "rotates his crops" and why the amateur should never grow the same variety in the same place oftener than once in three years if he can avoid it.

Remember when the plants are properly set out to cultivate frequently. Do not water too much and always hoe the next day after watering.

Good Pumps Needed.

Now that the spraying time is over, it can be seen that good spray pumps is one of the crying needs of the orchard owners. The spraying of fruit trees is a comparatively new thing and many farmers have been induced to buy cheap pumps that do the work so ineffectively that many become discouraged with the whole proposition.

The College of Agriculture of Ohio has made 130 orchard pruning and spraying demonstrations this spring covering practically the entire state. The instructors were surprised to find so many cheap pumps in use. In several cases, men with good-sized orchards had purchased small bucket outfits for use on their trees.

It pays to get a good pump, one with an air pressure gauge and large enough to do the work easily and effectively. Not less than 25 feet of one-half inch hose should be used, and there must be sufficient air pressure to throw the spray into the trees. A good $25 pump complete will more than pay for itself in a single season if a man has no more than a half dozen good trees.

Live Stock Notes.

Don't turn the young horses out when the fences are low or are easily pushed over. They will injure themselves, perhaps fatally, trying to take advantage of your carelessness.

One pound of tankage with 10 pounds of corn is a good mixture for fattening hogs, but when the hogs are turned on the clover pasture the tankage may be reduced and finally discontinued, feeding only corn and clover, which is a balanced ration.

A most valuable asset to the market hog raiser is the tried and proved sow that can be depended upon for milk for every pig. A herd of sows can be built up from such stock, a herd that will breed true and that is made up of good milkers, if care is used in the selection of a pure-bred boar to head the herd and if the best gilts are saved for breeding purposes.

Four months from now is a very bad time to have young pigs around. Better see that the old boar is behind good strong bars.

Whitewash the stable once or twice a year. Would recommend using land plasture in manure gutters daily.

Every farmer should get a few gilts and begin right now to raise enough meat to supply his own family, if he has not already done so. By planting grazing crops, one or two sows will produce economically enough pork to supply an ordinary family.

Feeds rich in protein should make up a large part of the ration.

How about that swill barrel? Is it still there at your back door or have you done away with it? At its best the swill barrel is only a breeder of disease and germs. If it is imperative that you maintain a swill barrel, screen it to keep the flies out of it and thereby prevent the spread of the disease germs that are sure to be present in the barrel.

Keep your horses well cleaned at all times, but in your effort to do so remember that you can be cruel with the curry comb.

Collars that have become sweaty and that have dirt and hair adhering to them are probably as responsible for those sore shoulders as the collars that are ill-fitting.

There is an incessant and continuous strain on the brood sow while she is suckling her pigs. This strain upon her system creates an almost abnormal appetite which will require generous feeding for the good of the sow, her pigs and the man who contemplates making money from these pigs.

The secret in raising strong pigs lies in the method of handling the sows during the gestation period. If nourishing foods are fed and sows are compelled to take plenty of exercise, there is very little danger of weak pigs being farrowed.

Failure to cultivate has cost the farmer the greater portion of his crop. The very reason that the soil dries out on the surface is no reason why the farmer should quit the cultivator. A good soil mulch kept stirred keeps the moisture in the soil.

There isn't anything in the course of the markets to make the farmer sorry he stuck to his live stock.

Every farmer should keep enough chickens to eat all the scraps from the table and abolish the swill barrel. Millions of flies breed in this nuisance.

AGENTS

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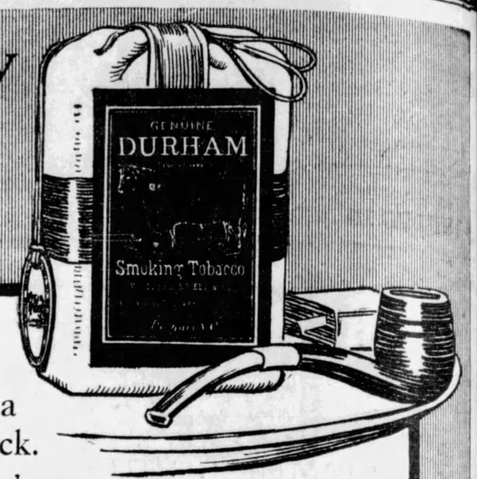

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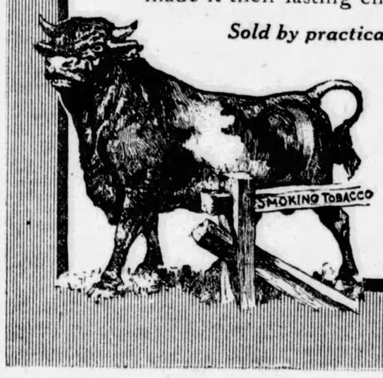

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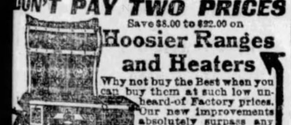

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BATTLE OF WATERLOO

Please give an account of the great battle of Waterloo in your columns.—W. W., Gilbertsville, Ky.

The battle of Waterloo was fought June 18, 1815, between the allied British, Netherland and German troops, under Wellington, and the French under Napoleon. On June 16 Napoleon had attacked the Prussians, under Blucher, at Lignay and forced them to retreat toward Wavre, and Marshal Ney at the same time attacked the British and Dutch forces at Quatre Blas, but was forced to retire after an engagement of five hours. Napoleon's object, however, which was to prevent a union of the Prussians with Wellington's main army, was partially gained. The latter commander, having learned the next morning of Blucher's repulse, moved on to Waterloo, expecting that the Prussian commander, according to previous arrangement, would join him there as speedily as possible. On June 17 Napoleon also moved toward Waterloo with the main body of his army, having directed Marshal Grouchy, with 34,000 men and 96 guns, to pursue Blucher's command toward Wavre. Both armies bivouacked on the field of Waterloo, and the next morning Napoleon, confident that Grouchy would prevent the arrival of the Prussians, delayed attack until the ground should become dry, a heavy shower having fallen on the day previous. The forces under Wellington occupied a semi-circular ridge a mile and a half in length, and the French were on an opposite ridge, the two being separated by a valley about 500 yards wide. The plan of Napoleon was to turn the allied left, force it back upon the center and gain possession of the enemy's line of retreat. To draw off Wellington's attention to his right, French troops were sent about 11 o'clock to attack the chateau of Houguemont, which the English had fortified. After a fight of more than two hours this was still in the possession of its defenders. About 1 o'clock a Prussian corps under Bulow was seen approaching on the French right, and Napoleon, finding it necessary to send 10,000 to check their advance, was obliged to change his plan of battle. He therefore ordered a fierce attack upon the allied center. Wellington massed his troops here, and the battle was obstinately maintained for five hours, with varying success to the participants, both commanders hourly expecting reinforcements. Wellington was waiting for Blucher and Napoleon for Grouchy. The French at last were gaining ground; the allied troops in the center were wavering under Ney's impetuous onslaughts. Gen Durutte had forced back the left, and Bulow's troops on the right had been forced to yield the position they had taken. Now, however, there were rumors that Blucher's army was approaching, and the allies again rallied. At 7 o'clock Napoleon, despairing of the approach of Grouchy, determined to decide the day by a charge of the Old Guard, which had been held in reserve. At this stage the advance of Prussian horse on the allied left forced back Gen. Durutte's troops, and the Old Guard formed in square to cover this retreat. Ney's division, surrounded, made a gallant struggle—their brave leader still unwounded, though five horses had been shot under him, heading them on foot, sword in hand—but were forced to give way. The Old Guard held its ground against overwhelming numbers. Finally, when the five square was broken, the emperor gave the order to "fall back." The cry, "The Old Guard is repulsed" spread consternation through the French army and threatened to turn retreat into precipitate flight. Napoleon, seeing this, reformed the guard in order to give a rallying point for the fugitives. Failing in this, he declared that he would die within the square, but Marshal Soult hurried him away. The heroic band, surrounded, was bidden to surrender. "The Old Guard dies but never surrenders," is the reply popularly attributed to Gen. Cambronne, and with the cry of "Vive l'empereur!" the remnant of the guard made a last charge upon the enemy and perished almost to a man. The forces of Blucher being now upon the field, the rout of the French was complete, and the Prussians pursued the fleeing troops, capturing guns and men. There is no doubt that the failure of Grouchy to come upon the field caused Napoleon to lose his last great battle. It was subsequently asserted that the marshal was bribed, but there seems to be no real foundation for so base a charge. The trouble was that he had been ordered by Napoleon to follow the Prussians toward Wavre, and thought it necessary to follow the strict letter of his instructions. Before he reached the village the main body of the Prussian force was on its way to Waterloo, but one division had been left there to occupy his attention. Engaged in skirmishing with this, he paid no attention to the advice of his subordinate generals, who, hearing the terrible cannonading at Waterloo, besought him to go to the aid of the army there. Napoleon, believing that he was either holding back Blucher's forces or was hotly pursuing them, did not recall him to the main army, and the decisive battle was lost. Grouchy was summoned before a council of war, but the court declared itself incompetent to decide his case, and nothing further came of it.

MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE

Will the Bureau please print a history of the Mountain Meadow Massacre?—C. J. L., Mount Ayr., Ia.

On the 11th of September, 1857, an emigrant party numbering about 140 souls, was journeying peacefully through Utah on their way to California, when they were suddenly attacked by a horde of savages, ostensibly Indians, at Mountain Meadow. Although taken by surprise, the heroic emigrants kept their assailants at bay for five days, and were finally conquered only by treachery. They were induced by John D. Lee, who represented himself as a friend and mediator, to lay down their arms and return to the east on the understanding that their lives would be spared Guided by Lee, the emigrants started on their return journey September 15, 1857, but they were soon attacked from an ambush and all but 17—these children under seven years of age were murdered. The Mormons were accused of the massacre, but for many years persisted in charging it to the Indians, but in 1875 evidence of the complicity of the Mormons was discovered and an investigation was ordered by the United States government, which indicated the guilt of John D. Lee, who was arrested and tried for the offense in 1875. Every effort was made by the wealthy Mormon church to save Lee, but after two years of delay on legal technicalities, on March 23, 1877, 20 years after his terrible deed, Lee was taken to the scene of the massacre and executed by being shot.

HISTORY OF PARTIES

Please give a brief history of the two principal parties in the United States.—V. A. F., Colchester, Ill.

When the constitution was adopted, in 1789, the Federal party came into power, and the anti-Federal party was without a cause. Gradually, under the teachings of Jefferson as to the limited powers of the national government, the anti-Federalists united into a party called first the Republican, then the Democratic-Republican and later simply the Democratic party. Its original policy was to limit the powers of the national government by allowing it none but those expressly stated in the constitution, and to magnify the rights of the states. From this fundamental error came the doctrines of states' rights, nullification and secession, which it required the Civil War to overthrow.

The Republican party was organized in 1854, its cardinal principle at that time being opposition to the extension of slavery into the territories. Now comes the third party formed in the summer of 1912, known as the Progressive party, organized by a group of Republicans led by Theodore Roosevelt.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS

I would like to know something about the first Sunday school and the progress these institutions have made.—C. W. J., Cliffside, N. C.

The first Sunday schools were established in England. At first the movement was not looked upon with favor by the people of New England. It was regarded as a menace to the sacredness of the Sabbath, and also as an infringement of home duties. The Protestant Sunday school, as it stands today in this country, may be said to have had the real beginning in Philadelphia, September 19, 1790, when 12 persons held a meeting and decided to begin the work. Schools had been established in the United States shortly after Raikes had begun his work, but they existed more as local institutions. On January 11, 1791, a society was established in Philadelphia which had for its object the support of Sunday schools. Bishop William White was president, and Matthew Carey was the secretary. The American Sunday School Union, on its 75th anniversary, had 100,928 schools, with a membership of 4,070,456 pupils, and 578,680 teachers.

CLASSES OF CLOUDS

I would like to have the Question Bureau give me a description of the different classes of clouds.—F. M., Oak Point, Wash.

The most recent classification of clouds recognizes three principal forms, cirrus, cumulus and stratus clouds. These main classes may be divided into various sub-classes. The cirrus clouds are isolated feathery clouds of fine fibrous texture, generally of a white color, frequently arranged in bands, which spread like the meridians on a celestial globe over a part of the sky and converge in perspective toward one or two opposite points of the horizon. They are the highest of all the clouds, and move with the greatest velocity. They develop up to the height of about 10 miles, although their mean height is a little over six miles, being higher in summer than in winter. In winter their average velocity is about 75 miles an hour, and in summer 65 miles per hour. They may be formed by mixture of air strata of different temperatures, or by the cooling of a moist streak in the upper atmosphere by expansion and radiation. In the later case, if the surrounding air is very dry, the newly formed cloud is soon dissipated.

Cumulus clouds are thick clouds whose summits are domes with protuberances, but whose bases are flat. When the cloud is opposite the sun the surfaces which are usually seen by the observer are more brilliant than the edges of the protuberances. These clouds are often torn by strong winds, and the detached parts present continual changes. Cumulus clouds are undoubtedly formed by the condensation of the water vapor in the summit of an ascending column of air. The flat base of the cloud marks the level when the condensation period is reached, and the upper dome shaped summit represents the head of the air column protruding into colder space. In temperate climates it is usually a cloud of the warm season and forms at an altitude of about a mile above the surface of the earth. The average velocity ranges from about 20 miles an hour in summer to 30 miles in winter.

A stratus cloud is merely a horizontal sheet of fog floating at a low elevation and without any special structure. It is generally formed by the intermingling at the surface of contact of air strata of different temperatures, and it indicates a horizontal flow of air rather than an ascensional movement in the case of cumulus clouds. The average elevation of stratus clouds is less than half a mile, and their average velocity about 15 miles an hour.

PARCELS POST SYSTEM

Please give some information on the parcels post system which will come into use soon.—C. W., Rich Mountain, N. C.

The new parcels post law will become effective January 1, 1913. Any article is mailable if not over 11 pounds in weight nor more than 72 inches in length and girth combined, nor likely to injure the mails or postal equipment or employes. There is a flat rate of one cent an ounce up to four ounces regardless of the distance the package is sent. Above four ounces rates are by the pound or fraction thereof, and varying with the distance, as follows: Rural route and city delivery, first pound 5 cents, each additional pound one cent, 11 pounds 15 cents; 50-mile zone, first pound 5 cents, each additional pound 1 cent, 11 pounds 35 cents; 150-mile zone, first pound 6 cents, each additional pound 4 cents, 11 pounds 46 cents; 300-mile zone, first pound 7 cents, each additional pound 5 cents, 11 pounds 68 cents; 600-mile zone, first pound 8 cents, each additional pound 6 cents, 11 pounds 68 cents; 1,000-mile zone, first pound 9 cents, each additional pound 7 cents, 11 pounds 79 cents; 1,400-mile zone, first pound 10 cents, each additional pound 9 cents, 11 pounds $1.00; 1,800-mile zone, first pound 11 cents, each additional pound 10 cents, 11 pounds $1.11, and over 1,800 miles, first pound 12 cents, each additional pound 12 cents, and 11 pounds $1.32.

The postmaster-general may make provision for indemnity, insurance and collection on delivery, with additional charges for such service, and may, with the consent of the Intersate Commerce Commission, after investigation, modify rates, weights, and zone distances when experience has demonstrated the need therefore.

ELECTRONS IN AN ATOM

I would like to know how many electrons are contained within one atom, if the Bureau can give me the information in its columns.—C. T. K., East St. Louis, Ill.

Different atoms of gas are composed of different numbers of electrons according to the kind of gas. An atom of hydrogen contains about 2,000 electrons, while an oxygen atom contains 32,000, and a mercury atom, 400,000.

MAGNETIZING STEEL

Please tell what you can about magnetized steel.—J. H. M., Burt, Mich.

Iron and steel are the only substances which exhibit magnetic qualities to any marked degree. Nickel and cobalt are also attracted appreciably by very strong magnets, while bismuth, antimony and a number of other substances are actually repelled instead of attracted, but the effect is very small. For practical purposes iron and steel may be considered as the only magnetic materials.

To restore power to an old or to make a new magnet place the poles of the magnet to be charged against the poles of another, making the opposite poles meet. Then draw a piece of soft iron, placed at right angles upon the magnet to be charged, from the poles to the bend. Do this a number of times on each side of the magnet. If the magnet is a good steel this produces a maximum power. This is considered one of the best methods.

THE BATTLE FLEET

Please give the names of the vessels which were a part of the battle fleet on its voyage around the world and the classfication of each.—G. W. L., Springfield, Mo.

When the big American fleet left Hampton Roads on its journey around the world the public in general only knew that its destination was San Francisco, and it was not until later that they knew the entire trip around the world was contemplated. When the fleet left it was composed of the battleships Connecticut, Louisiana, Kansas, Vermont, Georgia, Virginia, New Jersey, Rhode Island, Minnesota, Ohio, Maine, Missouri, Alabama, Illinois, Kearsarge and Kentucky; the torpedo boat destroyers Whipple, Hopkins, Hull, Lawrence, Stewart and Truxton; the supply ships Celtic and Culgea; repair ship Panther; tenders Arethusa and Yankton; and the colliers Abarenda, Ajax, Brutus, Ceasar, Hannibal, Leonidas, Marcellus and Nero. When the fleet left San Francisco the torpedo boats were left behind as well as the Arethusa while the Nebraska and Wisconsin were substituted for the Maine and Alabama, the latter two preceding the fleet to the United States via the Suez canal. On the return voyage across the Atlantic the Maine, Mississippi, Idaho, New Hampshire and Salem met the fleet on February 17; the Chester joined the following day; on the 20th of February the North Carolina and Montana joined it; and the next day the Birmingham.

Place for Waste Milk.

Chicago Tribune.

A new and exceedingly profitable use has been discovered for the waste milk produced in such abundance by all creameries. There are places where this waste is used by the farmers who sell their cream to fatten pigs, but then again there are districts where the milk, thoroughly skimmed and watery in character, is allowed to run down the drains. It has been found, however, that by mixing the milk with phosphate of a most efficient phosphate is produced. The phosphate of lime is placed in a hollow heap of lime is placed in a hollow heap on the floor, the waste milk is run into the hollow and a handful of yeast is added. In the course of time the whole is turned and thoroughly mixed after the fashion of mortar. After it has dried and is broken up it is a most excellent fertilizer, containing about 72.30 per cent of phosphate and a little more than 1 per cent of nitrogen.

Weather Influences Suicides.

Harper's Weekly.

Suicide is most frequent in summer, when the air is clear and the sun shines. In Europe the maximum of suicides is reached in June and the minimum in December. Yet there are fewer suicides in the torrid than in the temperate zone. In the United States, in all seasons, there are more suicides on sunny days than on cloudy days. Some theorists reason that fine weather aggravates the mental depression of the unhappy by its contrasting sunshine. In dark weather there are few suicides, and fewer in time of war or following some great catastrephe.

During the rst three months that follow a devastating earthquake there are fewer deaths by suicide than before the cataclysm.

American Flag Abroad.

Among the souvenirs of a trip around the world brought back by a woman whose tour came to an end in Chicago a few days ago is an American flag which the tourist purchased in India. "I saw it," she said, "in a vender's stock and bought it to show that our flag is not the same everywhere." The souvenir is silk and hand made. It has eight red and seven white stripes and on the blue field are 13 stars and the American shield. "The strangest point about the thing is this," the woman added, when she showed the flag, "the man from whom I bought the flag insisted that it was correct in composition and that the little one which I carried in an envelope in my handbag was the flag as it used to be before the civil war."

Attar of Roses Crop.

Consular Report.

As a result of a short crop, restricted harvest through heat and consequent high prices for the flowers, the price of attar of roses is likely to be unusually high this season. Private advices give the Bulgarian crop at 125,000 ounces, against 170,000 ounces last year, but other authorities consider this estimate to be overstated by 100 per cent. At any rate distillers have to pay as much as 5½ cents a pound for the flowers, as compared with 3½ cents a pound last year, and new season's attar is being quoted at $21.90 net an English ounce. It is estimated that 225 pounds of flowers will be required to produce one ounce of attar as against the average requirement of 160 pounds. Local attempts to corner the supplies threaten to advance prices still further.

Everybody's Land

New York Sun.

Spitzbergan has always been "No Man's Land." Its political status has at length been fixed in the most general terms, for hereafter it is to be the land of every nation that is sufficiently interested to contribute a small assessment for the maintenance of some semblance of law and order there

This is the outcome of the series of conferences between Russia, Sweden and Norway that has dragged along for several years. The three nations based their claims to the archipelago upon the exploratory work they had done. Nothing came of all their talk. Having fully agreed to disagree, they have met again at Christiania and evolved a remarkable compromise. They have signed a convention under which Spitzbergen is to be neutral territory, open to all nations, with a government administered by a joint board composed of one representative of each of the contracting powers. The board will levy such taxes as are permitted by the interested governments.

Nobody seemed to want these islands until 1905, whern it began to look as though the British flag would fly above the glaciers. Fifty Britons landed, began to mine coal, and have kept the industry thriving ever since. Then Russia and Scandinavia began to feel paternal and delved in their archives for the records of their own pioneer explorers.

Pacific Ocean Depths.

Westminster Gazette.

The depth of 9,780 meters to which the sounding line of a German survey ship is said to have sunk in the Pacific ocean near the Philippine Islands is some 1,000 meters deeper than the previous deepest sounding. Of the total water surface of the globe, 145,000,000 square miles, about one-third, stands more than three miles above the bottom of the sea, but until now no part of the great oceans has been discovered deep enough to submerge Mount Everest. But if there is no mistake about the depth of 9,780 meters (32,088 feet) the world's highest mountain could be sunk there until its highest peak was 3,000 feet below the water's level. The deepest soundings have all been made in the Pacific; 23,250 feet is the record of the Atlantic, in proximity to the West Indian Island of St. Thomas; while the North Sea only averages 300 feet, or about one-tenth of the maximum depth of the icy waters of the Arctic ocean.

Eyebrows Very Necessary.

The eyebrows protect the eye from external violence. The hairs, on account of their oblique direction, prevent the perspiration from flowing toward or irritating the surface of that organ; they direct it toward the temple and the root of the nose. The color and number of hairs of the eyebrow have an influence upon their use. They generally have some relation to the climate. The eyebrows protect the eye from excess of light, particularly when it comes from above. This effect is made more conspicuous by knitting of the brows.

Location of Poles.

Christian Herald

Both Peary and Amundsen made allowances in determining the sites of the poles. Their position is not perfectly constant, there being a counter clock elliptical movement of some 30 feet and a counter clock circular movement of some 26 feet in diameter in a period of 428 days at the extreme axis of the earth. This change, however, is so slight as not to be reckoned in practical calculations. Peary and Amundsen made no guesses, but took several observations from various standpoints to determine conclusively that they had reached the poles.

Hunting for Patients.

A curious occupation has sprung up in Paris. Several doctors have received a circular from a newly formed agency, which offers to find patients for them. The fees are rather high. They vary from $20 to $100. On receipt of the fee the doctor is assured a list of 20 consumptives, 20 epileptics, 20 people suffering from cancer, etc. He is then at liberty to call and offer his services. The agency's circular declares that the lists of patients are compiled from absolutely certain sources and that the money will be returned if there are more than three mistakes in each list. This is rather a grim proviso.

Ozonized Air Healthy.

Claims have been made that ozonized air promotes deep breathing, and thereby strengthens the lungs and increases the weight. For the purpose of testing the truth of these claims, the Frst National Bank of Chicago made an interesting experiment a short time ago on six clerks, who were working in one of the rooms of the auditor's department. Their individual weights and chest measurements were taken when an ozonizer was installed in the room and again at the end of two months, when it was found that every one of the men had gained in weight as well as in chest measurement.

The First Doll.

Dundee Advertiser.

History fails to tell the inventor of the doll, which has been such a boon to mankind, not only in quieting the rowdy youngster, but in stimulating a healthy imagination and affection. Five hundred years before Christ little girls had dolls; there is sure evidence of it, and Edward Lovett, an enthusiastic collector, has a doll from those dim ages. It is little more than a battered stick now, but is unmistakably a doll. No one could name a fair value for such a prize, which stands out as a proof that the child of today is singularly like her little sister of some 2,500 years ago.

Memory of Fish.

Harper's Weekly.

A fish caught with bait, if put back into the water, seizes the bait again. But if a red disk is fastened above the bait the fish takes not of it and connects it with the sharp hook, so that after a few times he will not touch bait surmounted by a red disk. His memory is not clear enough or developed in so far that he dreads the bait, but he has the faculty of connecting the red disk with the sense of pain.

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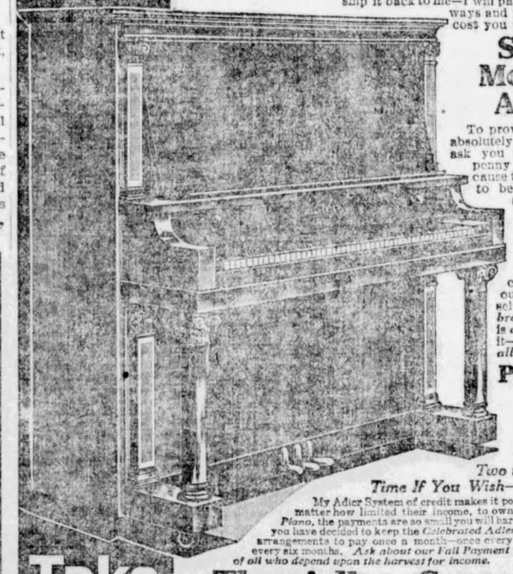

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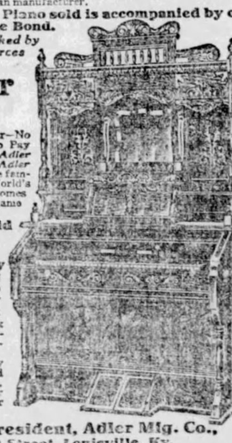

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Much Ice Cream Eaten.

Trustworthy figures show that in the five years from 1906 to 1910 the consumption of ice cream in the United States advanced from 55,000,000 gallons to 100,000,000 gallons. Last year about 120,000,000 gallons of this delicacy was eaten by Americans—an average of five quarts per capita. The ordinary method of freezing ice cream by ice and salt is a striking example of economic waste. Every 100 gallons of ice cream requires a ton and a half of ice and 800 pounds of salt; and the salt is not recovered and the ice melts very

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1912.

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Nobody is watched more closely by the neighbors than a new stepmother.

What a lot of summer sunshine is condensed in one big yellow pumpkin.

When Governor Wilson smiles he looks as if he would rather not do it.

We expect, almost any day, to hear somebody declare that hell is a local issue.

Every town man who starts back to the farm meets a farmer coming to town.

No husbands have been shot recently. Wives seem to have become more tolerant.

We believe the world is growing better in spite of the large output of popular songs.

From a hole in the air to a hole in the ground is the way it goes with many aviators.

If you say you can't people will pass you by. If you say you can, you will have to show 'em.

With some people courtship is a lingering disease, while others succumb at the drop of the hat.

Confidence and bluff are not always twins. Sometimes they are not related to each other.

At last Congressman Nicholas Longworth has declared himself. He is in favor of re-election.

It is hard to think of Mr. Wilson in a "whirlwind campaign." A whirlwind is so quick and devilish.

New armor plate is being made for the navy. Let us hope that we won't have to have a war to test it.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again. And rumor, clubbed off the backyard fence, will come back.

Christabel Pankhurst says she wouldn't venture to advise American women. Christabel is a bright girl.

Either Mrs. La Follette is a woman who can keep a secret or her distinguished husband hasn't let her know whom he is for.

"Gliding down the aerial slopes" sounds good, but the old-fashioned sport of sliding off the straw stack was much safer.

Dr. Wiley says a man reaches the period of greatest usefulness between the ages of 60 and 70. Doc must be getting along in years.

Don't be surprised if some woman steps up and asks for a divorce because her husband has threatened her with side whiskers.

We notice that everything goes along just about the same, no matter whether we see the new moon over the right or left shoulder.

We used to know a business man in a small town who seemed to think he helped trade by going to church and praying louder than the preacher.

"What hell there is," says a Cleveland minister, "man takes along with him when he dies." In that case he can't bequeath it to his dear friends.

The posse is on the trail of Colonel Roosevelt, but he hasn't been captured yet. Bloodhounds are not being used for fear that he might eat 'em alive.

"Blind zeal" is the definition given by his opponents to Roosevelt enthusiasm. Whatever it is, it seems to come in the form of a widespread epidemic.

The German government gives a medal to every couple that has been married fifty years. In this country the reward is a golden wedding and an indigestible feast.

"If anybody comes along the road," says a syndicate philosopher, "and offers you $13 or $13,000 or $13,000,000, take it. Don't be superstitious." That's good advice. And always remember there are thirteen letters in the word "superstitious."

"If a horse ever laughs," says a syndicate philosopher, "it is when a woman tries to drive it." If a horse ever swears it is when some fool man tries to drive it. As a matter of fact there are women who use more sense and judgment, and are far more humane, when driving a horse than the average man.

THE BURDEN OF LEGISLATION.

Twenty-one states have passed laws prescribing the experience which trainmen must have, and also regulating the number of men who shall make up a train crew. In addition to the federal laws fixing the working hours of railway workmen, 25 states have laws to the same purpose. Sixteen states have laid down rules as to the kind of cabooses freight trains shall have. There are 14 different state laws as to locomotive headlights. Besides federal inspection of locomotive boilers, there is inspection in Indiana, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Vermont, Wisconsin and Ohio.

Much of this legislation is useless, much of it is conflicting and confusing and as the Railway Age Gazette points out, most of the laws "have almost no tendency to promote safety, but a very direct and substantial tendency to increase railway operating expenses."

Plainly there should be one set of laws, and only one set, dealing with the railroads. Inasmuch as it is been impossible to persuade even two states to pass uniform laws, the entire business of railroad regulation should be taken over by the federal government. This is in the interest not only of the carriers, but also of the general public who must in the end pay all the expenses of the railroads, needless as well as necessary. The railroads bear the burden of excessive legislation just about long enough to transfer it upon the shippers who—in turn—shift it upon the shoulders of consumers.

A NEW CHALLENGE TO MEN.

Distance swimming has a rather narrow appeal among athletes. It is a pleasanter thing by far to watch a swimming race than to be one of the contestants. The sport calls for an unusual amount of strength, for a stout heart, for the endurance to fight off chill, numbing weariness and that discouragement which comes from being so close to the surface of things that the goal seems unconquerable miles away.

It is altogether strange then that so many women have found long distance swimming either attractive to them as a sport, or a thing in which they could vie with big-muscled men of long training. But they are doing this, nevertheless. Every few days the daily newspapers print pictures of young women and girls who have made swims that even the professionals among men might envy. They have kept at the game in spite of currents, cold and the urgent advise of friends accompanying them in row boats. These women, in short, have mastered swimming, an art at once difficult and exhausting.

THE PARAMOUNT QUESTION.

Mr. Roosevelt is for federal regulation of monopoly. Mr. Taft is willing to concede a small amount of federal regulation, but he is perfectly satisfied with the present method of dealing with the trusts. Mr. Wilson is strongly opposed to any regulation of monopoly, and favors the strongest measures for the regulation of competition.

If Mr. Roosevelt is elected, we will give up the Sherman anti-trust law, frankly admitting that it is a failure. If Mr. Taft is elected, the Sherman law will continue as the solvent of trusts in the way that the trusts have been dissolving. If Mr. Wilson is elected, the policy of forcing competition will be carried probably as far as it is possible to carry it. All this, of course, if the successful candidate can have his way.

We do not think that the country will remain content with the present method of dealing with the trusts. It seems but a way of marching the trusts through the courts and issuing them clean bills of health. They come forth trusts still. Nor, in the event that Mr. Wilson is elected, do we think that the country will be satisfied with dogged adherence to the idea that industry must be made to fit the old molds. If the determination of compelling competition does not weaken, then an administration, while severing the business trusts, must keep on and break up trade associations, the professional societies, the labor unions and the granges, the syndicates and associations of the farmers.

The trust question looms larger and larger as the campaign progresses. The decision in November ought to provide the best measurement so far possible of the country's sentiment as to the way to deal with the trusts.

NO 50-CENT WHEAT THIS YEAR

A crop letter from London reports that weather conditions in the agricultural districts of England continue unseasonably cold. Heavy rainfalls have done considerable damage to grain already impaired. In Germany, the conditions have been very much the same, cold and wet, with periods of flood that have ruined thousands of acres of grain.

The letter is of particular interest in view of the tremendous crops which the United States will market this year. The government reports show that nearly a billion more bushels of grain have been raised than was raiised last year and almost four hundred million more bushels than in the banner year of 1906. The government estimate is 5,219,000,000 bushels, "all of which is safe with the exception of part of the corn, potatoes and buckwheat."

With an estimated yield of 690,000,000 bushels of wheat we would have a surplus of 100,000,000 to carry over to next year for home consumption and 100,000,000 for export. Since the crops of England and Germany have been damaged so seriously, an early demand for American grain will appear. And this demand will sppport the domestic market, saving the American farmers from that depression which has on several occasions made a great crop more damaging to their bank accounts than a short crop.

ZAPATA ISSUES A CHALLENGE.

If General Emiliano Zapata says that he will murder every American in Mexico in case of intervention, he may be depended upon to carry out his threat as far as it is possible for him to discharge so great an enterprise. Murder is not a pastime with Zapata. It is one of his daily tasks. If he'd followed the custom of old-time Indian fighters and notched his gun stock for every death he'd compassed he would long ago have whittled away all except the iron parts of his carbine.

In a recent magazine article, this Mexican guerrilla is charged with destroying a village and leaving the bodies of seventy-two men and fourteen women in its streets, with wiping a town of 10,000 inhabitants off the face of the map, with raiding within fifteen miles of the City of Mexico and driving the federal troops out of two states and cornering them in a third. Beginning simply as a highwayman, he has gathered together 6,000 men as ruthless as himself. He thinks nothing of murder. He takes pleasure in torturing. He is as cruel as any of the Spanish conquerors of Mexico were, and far more ingenious in devising barbarities to practice upon his enemies. Zapata's power grows constantly. He has challenged all that is law-abiding in Mexico and doesn't hesitate to challenge the United States.

Americans who are in the same state in which Zapata happens at any time to be operating will move on in a hurry if they consult their best interests. This outlaw-patriot may decide not to wait on intervention to make his threat good.

"GENTLEMEN BURGLARS."

Bertillon, the greatest of French criminologists, has recently made the statement that there is no such thing as Raffles in real life. He says the "gentleman burglar" does not exist. burglars, safeblowers and other thieves of one kind or another being a rough and unintelligent lot, who could not if they would, pose as respectable citizens.

Last week the state of Massachusetts put out of the way a young man who by day worked faithfully as a shipping clerk and by night as a desperate "gun-toting" housebreaker, who was a fond husband and loving parent and also a man who killed any who resisted him while he was on his forays. He was held in high respect. He was rated as a gentleman, and with those of his victims who did not oppose him he certainly acted like one.

Bertillon's experiences in France may be narrow. Besides the case of the Massachusetts shipping clerk-burglar, there are other well attested instances of respectability and criminality going together. It seems reasonable that if educated men will fleece widows and orphans with get-rich-quick schemes, other educated men will "jimmy" windows and jab revolvers into the faces of belated pedestrians.

MORE BRITISH COMPETITION.

It used to be that the French and the Germans supplied the world's demands for scientific prediction. But if we're to judge by this year's output the British have entered the field as serious competitors. Among the predictions from British sources may be cited:

That all the world will be crazy within the next 300 years.

That the Englishman's face will shortly be that of the typical criminal.

Both these predictions may be classed as thoroughly safe and fool proof. They will not fizzle out within the lifetime of anyone using them. They can be contradicted, laughed at, sneered at, and made the excuse for an indignation meeting. But no one can disprove them. They are just as good as the French prediction that a comet will knock the earth into smithereens and the German prediction that man will eventually get his food from the air. They ought to take well if only as a welcome change of diet.

THE OLD JAPAN.

The rude challenge of the locomotive deafens the worshipers in the ways de temple. Hoardings proclaiming the wonder of some one's patent medicine cut off the view between the artist and the smoking mountain to which he is making pilgrimage. Little traveling salesmen in European dress shove aside the peddler carrying, as his great-grandfather did, a pack upon his back. There are soldiers in khaki, tourists in automobiles, the stir and dust and grime of a new and gibing civilization in the air.

Still Japan is Japan still. By the same act that took Count Nogi and his stoical mate out of the world, the old Japan came back into it. She really had not been away. She had been hidden beneath the cloud that the cotton mills cast over the land, the handbills of the advertisers, the frank disorder of change. For we may be sure that all Japan throbs with the news of Nogi's last supreme service to his emperor. He is justified in every Japanese heart. He is proclaimed hero in every village street. And the grimy whistle-tooting engineer, and the poster of patent medicine bills, and the little salesman in European clothes will be saying that, after all, the ways of old Japan were more noble than the new.

When your children are bright there is always somebody who will wonder how it happened.

THE BLADE'S POPULAR PREMIUMS

Three-Piece Lace Bed Sets and Nottingham Lace Curtains.

This Announcement Is of Special Interest to Subscribers Whose Time Expires in October.

We have just mailed to all of our subscribers whose time expires during the month of October our special propositions for renewals and the raising of clubs. We are pleased to announce to our readers that we have added a new and beautiful premium this season—A Three-Piece Lace Bed Set. We will also continue with the Nottingham Lace Curtains, as this premium is growing more popular with our subscribers every year.

Three-Piece Lace Bed Sets.

The Lace Bed Set consists of one full size spread 60 inches wide and 90 inches long, with two pillow shams to match, size 30 inches square. Each set is made from a very fine quality of genuine Nottingham lace, and is of strong and good wearing quality.

The design is a combination, representing lace and floral effects with realistic deer centerpiece. The design of the deer, although very stately, is still graceful and natural, also very effective and has been so beautifully worked out that the entire effect is positively the handsomest and most refined that we have ever seen. We selected this pattern in preference to many others submitted.

This particular design and style of Bed Set is made especially for us and in order that we might obtain such a wonderful value to present to our subscribers, we were compelled to contract for the entire production of a large eastern lace mill. We do not sell these bed sets, but give one set (one spread and two shams to match) free, postpaid by mail, for every club of 20 subscribers. The retail price of this set in local stores would be from $2.50 to $3.00 per set. We are sure that any of our readers receiving one of these sets will be more than pleased. You should have a set for your spare room as it adds greatly to the attractiveness of the room.

Nottingham Lace Curtains.

This exceedingly popular premium will be continued indefinitely; our lace curtains are growing more popular with our readers every year, as is evidenced from the fact that last season we gave to our subscribers who sent us clubs of ten names, over 15,000 pairs. Lace curtains are useful in every household, and you can never have too many pairs in your home. Our curtains are made especially for us—all of them are exactly the same pattern, therefore subscribers receiving pairs at different times will always find them to match.

Each curtain is 30 inches wide and 2½ yards long and we always send two curtains (one pair) postpaid to each person awarded. The retail price of these curtains in local stores would be from $1.00 to $1.50 per pair.

How to Obtain These Premiums.

On the first day of each month we will mail to every subscriber whose time expires during that month, a notice giving choice of several propositions for renewal. Therefore all subscribers whose time expires during October, should receive our proposition by October 1st. If not received by October 4th please notify us and a duplicate will be mailed promptly. All those who send us a club of 20 or more subscribers according to proposition No. 4 will receive one three piece lace bed set by mail postpaid and for a club of 10 or more subscribers according to proposition No. 3 one pair of lace curtains postpaid by mail. We shall be prepared for the majority of our readers to send us clubs of 10 or 20 names thereby availing themselves of our curtain or lace bed set proposition. It will be noticed that we do not make this proposition a general one to all of our subscribers at the same time. It would be impossible to serve all at once. One mill could not manufacture and supply us, except by regular monthly shipments, which enables us to take care each month of all subscribers whose time expires during the current month. We now make this offer to October subscribers only, and 30 days later the November people will have their turn, and so on in order of expiration. In this way we will be able to take care of orders with regularity, and all our subscribers will be served in due time during their expiration month. When you receive your notice, please read carefully the several propositions we make; you will find them exceedingly liberal and we feel confident that you not only will renew promptly, but that you will induce a large number of your neighbors and friends to join with you!

It is important that all who receive our October proposition accept one of them before November 1st as after this date we shall deal with November subscribers only.

WILSON, THE CALHOUNIST.

The old states' rights doctrine has been very dear to Governor Wilson. As one of its few active defenders and advocates left since the great civil war settled it with fire and sword, the governor has held to it tightly and fondly as a mother holds to the child that all the neighbors hate. Expediency has suggested that Mr. Wilson keep his beloved doctrine in the closet during the present campaign. But the governor could not bring himself so to treat a conviction he has adopted, fed, nourished and provided with modern raiment. In his recent New York speech he brought it forth and exhibited it for all to see and pass judgment upon.

The natural thing happened. Mr. Roosevelt accepted the states' rights argument as an issue, as a line of distinction between his opponent and himself. He pointed out that Governor Wilson "stands for a policy which necessarily means, if that policy is honestly put into effect, that he must be against every single progressive measure."

The humanitarian planks of the Progressive platform call for national recognition and, so far as the constitution admits, for national action. Though Mr. Wilson might feel in sympathy with them, as he has admitted, he could not endorse them because they conflict with a policy he is much more in sympathy with. He could not favor progressive policies and at the same time a system which would make it impossible for the government to carry the policies out.

The line of cleavage between Mr. Wilson's friendly interest and his intellectual preferences shows more and more plainly. He takes the path his mind finds smoothest and swerves constantly farther from the path his heart might prefer.

MORE REPRESENTATIVE THAN EVER.

The political bosses raise the cry that the modern movement means the doom of representative government. The truth is that the movement means more representative government.

If you employ a lawyer to draw up a will, you do not leave it to him to decide what shall be done with your estate. Nor if you call in a doctor to treat a headache do you give him leave to cut off a leg if it is more convenient for him, or if his taste runs to surgery instead of to the use of drugs. Yet that is exactly what you do with your representatives. You elect them and give them permission to do whatever suits their fancy or harmonizes with their judgment.

In the modern movement, it is proposed that representatives shall receive their instructions just as a lawyer or a doctor would receive them. They are to carry out a commission, or to obtain a cure. They are not to drop the commission and do something else that appeals to them more. They are not to experiment with the national vermiform appendix if they have been given orders to pull a tooth.

Under the old, and the present system, our representatives have done just about what blessed well pleased them to do. The new scheme is to have them do what it pleases the people to have done.

THE CANAL IN A YEAR.

If the steam shovels at Panama take out as much earth as was removed in the year 1908, their work will have been finished by this time next year. Only five per cent of the entire work on the Gatun dam is uncompleted. More than 90 per cent of the concrete for other parts of the canal has been laid.

The date set for the official opening of the canal is January 1, 1915. But it has been known for some time that the workers at Panama would be through before that. From figures given out by the engineers, it is now fairly certain that the first boats can cross the isthmus perhaps in September, 1913. A few will probably be sent through by way of test and then a few months will be given to "tuning up" the machinery and getting the organization of operation into shape.

We think that the country may count upon reading the accounts of the christening of the waterway in the evening newspapers of Wednesday, January 1, 1914.

BALM FOR THE BALD.

As a prophet, Professor Carlton B. Wells may have little standing and few honors. But he is a comforting prophet. He is the balm of Gilead to that growing army of men, the bald of head.

Professor Wells says that "the more man advances in the realm of thought the less hair will he have. The more brains he has, the more he thinks and uses these brains, the higher he develops on the mental plane, the more naked he will become on the top of his head. Two hundred years hence there will not be such a monstrosity as a long-haired man, and five hundred years hence there will scarcely be a hair on any woman's head."

It becomes then the part of the bald to make a display of their cranial nudity, instead of hiding it as something to be ridiculed and used as a toboggan slide for flies. Every shining bump is just so much evidence of intellectuality. Every area of glistening skin represents thinking. To tease the hair into growth with tonics is to cover up one's merits. To listen to the barber's enticements is to put one's head under a bushel. The bald man is not an unfortunate. He is merely one who's ahead of his times.

Professor Wells may be mistaken, but he's a soothing poultice to many a moulting man for all that. And even some women will find his prophecies pleasing.

AFTER SEEING MR. WILSON.

That the Democrats in private are less confident than they are in public may be gathered from a sentence that got into the interview given by one of the big party leaders. "There'd be no question of our winning this fall," he said, "if we'd only nominated Bryan."

When the Baltimore convention ceased kicking the houn' dog around, Woodrow Wilson was still a good deal of a mystery. People knew about him as they know about the German kaiser, or "Lefty Louie" or Mulai Hafid, at second and third and fourth hand. The people had not met him face to face. They'd only Colonel Harvey's and the enemies of Former Senator Smith's word for it that Governor Wilson was excellent presidential timber. Since the convention, however, the people are having the opportunity to listen to him, to study him and to take his measure.

The impression the Democratic candidate is making may be learned from that indiscreet confession: "There'd be no question of our winning if we'd only nominated Bryan." There is some question with Wilson, it seems, in the minds of the campaigners.

THE TRUE GAUGE OF TRADE.

There are folk who doubt the evidence of smoking chimneys when they're out looking for prosperity. There are others who will not believe a government report until the season of estimating is over. The sight of long freight trains, of fleets of ore carriers and over flowing warehouses means nothing to them. But there is one barometer they trust. And that one has at last reported. Read it:

"This country needs more railroad facilities. The railroads need not only more tracks and cars, but more and larger terminals. Whenever business is good there is an actual freight blockade in New York City, Chicago, Pittsburg, Buffalo, St. Louis — in fact, in every one of the large centers of the country. However well equipped otherwise, the railroads cannot render the service that the country requires until enlarged terminals are created."

Which interpreted means that there's a mighty busy time ahead for the railroads, which means that there's an amazing period of prosperity ahead for the whole country. The barometer is James J. Hill, empire builder, town promoter, wheat expert and the best all-round seer in America.

THAT HARVESTER SUIT.

George W. Perkins, at last accounts, is bearing up under the punishment which the administration is meeting out to him for his activities in behalf of Colonel Roosevelt. The government is discovering that the promotion of the Harvester trust was carried out by Mr. Perkins, that he has had a good deal to say about the conduct of the business and that he still retains a position on the finance committee and the board of directors of the trust. Yet so far as outward signs go, Mr. Perkins is not worrying.

And why should he?

The government has sued and dissolved the oil trust and the tobacco trust. It has caused the beef trust to confess guilt and promise to dissolve. It has brought a combination of newspaper supply houses "upon the carpet" and made it promise not only to dissolve, but also to carry on competition so benevolently that not one of the dissolved parts will drive the other parts out of business. The oil trust is worth about $200,000,000 more dollars than before dissolution. Shares in the old tobacco trust represent fortunes. Beef is going up. The newspaper supply houses proceed as of old, yet free of the fear that the government will descend on them and compel them to sacrifice a lot of valuable time in going to court. All is well among the dissolved trusts.

Naturally, the Harvester trust is not losing sleep over the ordeal it is undergoing. Nor would anyone else who was about to come into money. If Mr. Perkins worries about anything, it is probably because of dread lest his trust be found not guilty.

Eugene Debs predicts his own defeat and then announces that Mr. Taft has no chance. That seems fair enough.

Sunday School

SIX MONTHS IN A LIFE

International Sunday School Lesson for September 29 Is a Quarterly Review.

By William T. Ellis.

The crowded life of a modern man is a marvel. The many and different interests which engage a successful man's thought within a single week are fairly staggering. The worthwhileness of this is, of course, determined by the result in personal character and in human service. The proof of a machine is not in the number or speed of its wheels, but in the nature of its output. Assuredly, the lives of some of us would count for more if we were less busy.

Now that we have studied for three months a period of half a year in the life of Jesus—six crowded, intense historic months—we cannot help remarking how much greater was the product of this short space than of a life time of our whirring years, with their modern machinery which gives one man the strength of a thousand. The homely, everyday and greatly needed lesson for practical life, as we survey these few weeks out of the activities of the Master, is that we should endeavor to make our living fruitful in definite results. Much of our restless striving gets nowhere; we run in circles.

One-sixth of the entire public career of Jesus is comprehended within the period which this quarter's lessons have covered. Here we find Him in all characteristic activities.

A Mission and a Ministry.

Back of the busyness lay those quiet years of preparation which are ever beckoning the reverent student. The three decades of Nazareth life were the root of which the three public years were the fruit. Before our mind's eye rises the figure of the dreamy-eyed, solitary lad, brooding amid the hills and caves of Nazareth; and the silent, gentle, helpful Carpenter whose shop was a place of resort for little children and for the troubled in heart. All of the life of Jesus was dominated by the thought of the work that awaited Him.

That spirit which regards life as a mission has taken strange hold of our own time. Everybody is made to feel that he must do something to justify his existence. Parasites are prodded from every angle with reminders of their ignominy. Once the idle were counted the aristocrats; now the highest honor is reserved for him who does most in social service. The whole emphasis of life has changed, almost within a generation. The old cry, "The world owes me a living," has given way to "I owe the world a life."

No great amount of scholarship is needed to enable one to trace this remarkable development back to the ministry and message of Jesus. In an unexampled degree, He has imparted His own passion for helpfulness to our own time. His peerless brotherspirit is reflected in our new social sense of human solidarity. What means this phenomenal present political campaign in the United States, which in important respects is more nearly attuned in its utterances to the ethics of the New Testament than any other in the country's history? How explain the extraordinary socialization of Great Britain's political program today? The answer must be looked for in the biography of Jesus.

The Master Words.

This Man, who was more than man was able to speak master words to which His own Galilee responded; and which, far more marvelous, have increased power in this distant day, in nations then unknown. He spoke with authority; and His deeds attested His words. At His command inanimate nature gave obedience, and human life and death yielded to His sway. Six great miracles were studied by the Sunday schools during this quarter. The students were brought face to face with the unique sovereignty of the Son who proved His unity with the Father by doing works which belong only to God. If we accept the record of the New Testament, we are bound to acknowledge Jesus as more than a peerles religious Teacher; He must have been the accredited plenipotentiary representative of Jehovah.

These miracles, which include three of the greatest ever performed by the Master, the feeding of the 5,000, the stilling of the tempest, and the raising of Jairus' daughter, set the countryside at gaze. They have been the wonder of mankind ever since. The natural mind has found them hard to believe; they were beyond the natural order. But so was Jesus. The occasion and need were unique. As the King's seal was proof of Cyrus' authority, so these wonder-works were the authentication, the seal, the sign of the sovereignty of Jesus Christ. The coming of God to earth in the person of His Son was itself a miracle of such astounding importance that, alongside of it, nothing else seems impossible.

The Immortal Stories.

How little has survived of the world's literature! Since a period at least a thousand years before Herodotus, men have been writing history, religious instructions and fiction. Yet President Eliot engages to put what is most worth while of it all on a five-foot shelf. In this collection, much is unknown to the average intelligent person. But nobody in all Christendom is ignorant of the words of Jesus. How largely His utterances bulk in the world's thought. Allusions to His sayings are in newspaper editorials and political platforms, in novels and in philosophies, and in the common speech of every day.

Eight of His parables were studied in this quarter. They were tales and incidents of common life filled with a larger spiritual meaning. Jesus saw in everything about Him a reminder of the eternal verities. The grass, the flowers, the birds, the sea, the farm, all were filled with spiritual messages to Him, and all helped to make vivid His Good News from the Father. What parables He would draw from this wonderful life of today, with its radium, its X-rays, its wireless telegraphy, its talking machines, moving pictures, airships, electricity and other many inventions!

If vindication were needed for the popularization of the gospel—for its presentation through daily newspaper and readable story—we find it in the parables of Jesus. He never amazed people by His big words, but always by His simplicity. Unlike the religious teachers of His day, He did not drone learned discourses drawn from musty books. The vibrant life of His own time, the speech of the common people, the present needs of the men and women about Him, the simple truth of the Father—love of God—these were His equipment.

Therefore "The comon people heard Him gladly." One who studies sermons and services is impressed with the fact that many persons do not expect to understand the preacher. They like or dislike him for his fervor, his tone, his manner, but his words are outside of their vocabulary. When two men talk in conversation they expect to understand each other's every sentence; but when men listen to the preacher they rather expect him to use a lot of "shop talk," pious phraseology, stereotyped verbiage, which is outside their ken. But everybody who heard Jesus found Him using the common speech intelligently.

Two tragedies were recorded in the quarter's lessons—the death of John the Baptist, and the Master's own rejection of His Nazareth neighbors. "He came unto His own and His own received Him not." It was not the Garden and the Cross alone that made Jesus "a man of sorrows;" He walked the way of the Cross from the first—all that the world might have pardon and peace.

Napoleon on Discipline.

The Standard.

ANOTHER contribution to "Napoleoniana" is the collection of memoirs and letters of the army surgeon Baron Desgnettes, who was with the Egyptian expedition. One day he found Eugene Beauharnais asleep in the sand in the desert of Ramanieh. "Wake up, Eugene, wake up! This repose does not suit either your name or profession. A man of war must be without rest and without pity." On another occasion Napoleon had condemned several of his pet Grenadiers to death for looting and murder. His reflections, made to Desgnettes, are worth quoting:

"My sentence on the Grenadiers of the Thirty-second Regiment cost me dear, but I was obliged to do it. A commander-in-chief must have a tremendous power. How can you reasonably question the right of a man to whom the state sometimes entrusts the lives of a hundred thousand troops to punish such serious offences as he deems fit? I convicted these Grenadiers before punishing them! When I seized Antoine by the collar and said to him: 'Come, miserable wretch, and let me confront you with your accomplice,' he was confounded.

"But what men!—fellows to win a battle by themselves! Perhaps the Corporal has won some. You did not see how they died? Like Caesars, showing their affection for me. One of their comrades went to drink with them in prison, and remarked: 'Perhaps there was some truth in the charge, else Bonaparte would not have condemned you.' 'Be silent,' was the answer; 'you do not know what you are saying; he was deceived again, as he often has been before, but no matter—let us drink to his health.' And when the time came for the execution, they marched steadily out and stood calmly before the firing party, saying: 'This is how the Grenadiers of the Thirty-second die.' Afterwards the officers came to see me, but I would not receive them; but, faith! I pity those upon whom the Thirty-second may fall on the first occasion that presents itself for them to wipe out the remembrance of all this."

Varieties

King Victor Emmanuel of Italy carries the air and is good at straight away singing.

A new process for the electrolytic recovery of zinc has been developed in Japan.

A Missourian has patented a trolley system for conveying electric power to aeroplanes.

An international exposition of horticulture will be held at St. Petersburg in the spring.

A system of electric signaling for mines, operated by a hand generator, has been invented.

A memorandum tablet that can be snapped over the face of a watch has been patented.

Telephone operators in Egypt are required to speak English, French, Italian, Greek and Arabic.

Albert, king of the Belgians, is a tenor. He knows Wagner by heart and plays as well as he sings.

Ferdinand, czar of the Bulgars, is a basso. He has a voice that appears to come out of the cellar.

Builders of a two-hundred-foot concrete chimney in Germany used the reinforcing steel as a lightning rod.

China uses millions of pounds of old newspaper, chiefly British, as wrapping paper for houses and cottages.

The value of canned pineapples shipped from Hawaii during the fiscal year of 1911 amounted to $2,000,000.

A machine for removing weeds and other under water growth from streams has been invented in France.

A lorgnette with a telescopic handle to permit it to be carried in a woman's handbag or purse is a novelty.

From deep water in the Atlantic to deep water in the Pacific canal will be 50 miles in length.

According to experiments in German schools girls seem to have the color sense better developed than boys.

The egg from which the silkworm comes is so small that it takes one hundred of them to weigh a grain.

During the last seven years the farming population of New South Wales has increased by seven thousand people.

A photographic map of the sky showing 1,500,00 stars has been prepared in sections by the astronomers of Harvard.

For transporting race horses in France without fatigue an automobile truck has been built with two commodious stalls.

Electric food and water heaters are said to increase hens' egg laying powers and to prevent poultry diseases due to cold food.

A hook is provided on a new portable electric desk lamp so it may be hung on a bed or other furniture for a reading light.

The imperial German postoffice has a new machine for printing stamps in rolls which are used in automatic selling devices.

In London there is a school in which bachelors are taught to make beds, cook, sew and look after their home needs generally.

A parachute for aviators that has been patented in England is compact enough to be worn in a cap, being ready for instant use.

A thin paste of fuller's earth and water, allowed to remain a couple of days before removal, will remove grease spots from floor matting.

It is 83 years since the first horse-drawn public omnibus ran in England. The first public motor bus ran eight years ago.

Emperor William of Germany is a barytone. He is very fond of solos and choruses; also likes pickles which put an edge on the voice.

The English Board of Trade labor exchanges last year received nearly 2,000,000 applications for work and 593,739 vacancies were filled.

The forests of the United States cover about 550,000,000 acres and are being cut away about three times as fast as they are growing.

A miniature fountain attachment for bottled water holders has been patented to enable persons to drink without touching the lips to any receptacle.

A German firm has been awarded a bridge contract by the Volga-Bugulma railway for a $5,000,000 structure across the Vulga near Simbirsk, Russia.

Every German town will hereafter keep a record of hard drinkers, and doctors will have to report all persons who are addicted to habitual intoxication.

Married in a ballroom, spooned in the clouds, landed in a pig sty, is the experience of a Kansas City couple who went up in a balloon for their honeymoon.

There is a plan to safeguard Manila against the longest possible dry season by building high up on the Montalban watershed a 2,000,000,000 gallon reservoir.

To lessen the labor of one feature of housework there has been invented a combined implement that scrapes one side of a dish and mops the other at the same time.

Broken glass has a market. Some of it is ground in fine power-like particles and used for various purposes. At other times it is remelted and made into new glass objects.

A complete telephone transmitter which folds into a watch case, has been invented to relieve a person of the unpleasant necessity of using an insanitary public instrument.

A water bag patented by an Illinois man is made of material which permits just enough of its contents to exude through its side to cool the rest by evaporation.

The total number of persons reported as on the pay rolls of the steam roads of the United States on June 30, 1911, was 1,669,800, or an average of 678 a hundred miles of line.

King George of England has been granted a patent upon a stove that will serve as an open grate in one room of a house and to cook meals in the ordinary way in another.

Caps and masks made of aluminum tubing, through which either hot or cold water can be circulated, have been invented by a Vienna scientist for use as surgical compresses.

Wasps appear to be well nigh as industrious as ants or bees. One authority has declared that the cardinal doctrine of the wasps is: "If any wasp will not work, neither shall he eat."

At a recent dinner of vegetarians in London Sir George Kekewich said that half the world would be promptly converted to their doctrine if they could but produce a race of vegetarian cooks.

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From 57 years of successful experience in furnishing over 1,000,000 homes we have learned the invaluable suggestions and advice now printed between the covers of this great book of 368 pages—and we will send this wonderful book to you absolutely free if you will but send your name and address to us on a postal card or in a letter before the edition is exhausted.

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For this book teaches how just the stray pennies of the household—even as small as 50c or $1.00 a month—can give immediately to that home the splendid furnishings that inspire home happiness and convert fond dreams into instant realization.

This Book Tells You

how any family can now obtain the beautiful things they would like to own—they can obtain these things at once, and can pay for them just a little at a time, as the spare pennies accumulate. It is no longer necessary to wearily skimp and save up fifty, one hundred or two hundred dollars to furnish the home. And it is no longer necessary to pay exhorbitant prices to several different agents, jobbers or retail stores between the factory and your door. Thus you save from 15% to 50%, obtain guaranteed quality, and have the convenience of paying a little at a time, just as you can.

This great company was founded 57 years ago upon the belief that the home-loving family is honest and can be trusted just as safely if its income is but a few dollars a week as though it were thousands of dollars a year. Over a million regular customers today—have proved the soundness of this belief and have made possible this great institution that sells to rich and poor alike—each sale at but slightly more than actual manufacturing cost, at the same price and terms to one and all.

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And now, from these years of experience, from this magnificent success, comes this book of 7000 suggestions for the home—7000 facts and figures—7000 means of saving hard-earned money—7000 proofs of this company's willingness to trust you, its desire to please you and its guarantee to protect you upon the full value of every penny.

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BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5946—Ladies' Coat.

This is the new fashionable coat model in the stylish 32½ in. length with straight or cutaway fronts, with or without vest and with two styles of collars. The regular coating fabrics may be employed and a nice idea is to make the collar and revers of moire or brocade satin.

The pattern 5946 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 54 inch material.

5943—Misses' and Small Women's Coat.

For the construction of the new fall suit the coat is always the first consideration and this model is one of the best styles presented of this season. It can be made with straight or cutaway fronts and two styles of collar are given. Serge, cheviot, whipcord or mixed goods may be used with the collar and revers of satin.

The pattern 5943 is cut in sizes 14, 16 and 18 years. Medium size requires 3 yards of 44-inch material and 1 1-8 yards of 24-inch satin.

5951—Children's Coat.

This attractive little coat is one of the latest models and is quite easy to carry out. It may be made with or without the hood and the pattern offers a choice of two styles of collar. Serge, mohair, cashmere or cheviot may be used, with collar and cuffs of silk, plush or velvet.

The pattern 5951 is cut in sizes 3, 5 and 7 years. Medium size requires 2 yards of 44 inch material and ½ yard of 24 inch contrasting fabric.

4784—For the School Girl.

The girl who attends school needs a number of practical dresses and the above is one well worth making. The closing is made at the left side of front.

The pattern, No. 4784, is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12. For 8 years it requires 3 1-4 yards of 36-inch material.

5944—Ladies' Dress.

Here is a clever frock which represents one of the newest as well as one of the most becoming styles of the season. The garment closes at the front. It can be made with regulation or empire waistline and has 4-gored skirt having inverted plait or habit back. Insertion is used with charming effect, but the dress may be unadorned if so desired.

The pattern 5944 is cut in sizes 32 to 40 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5⅞ yds. of 36 inch material with 2 yards of insertion.

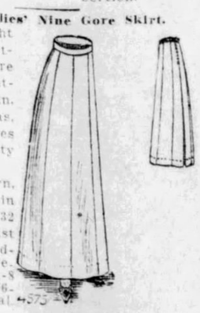
4650—Ladies' House Dress.

The dress we illustrate is one of the simplest. It has Gibson tucks at the shoulders in both front and back and these extend all the way to the belt. The closing is at one side of the waist. The sleeves are the plainest of leg-o-mutton shape and full length.

Linen, gingham, percale and other wash materials will be pretty made in this style.

The pattern, 4650, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 8 yards of 27-inch material.

4575—Ladies' Nine Gore Skirt.



A straight model fitting the figure easy. Suitable for satin, taffetas, fine mixtures and all novelty dress goods.

The pattern, 4575 is cut in sizes 22 to 32 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 4 3-8 yards of 36-inch material.

5938—Ladies' Coat.

This stylish coat model may be developed in the new ¾ length or in the full length, as preferred. It is one of the most delightful designs for the fall and winter and its construction offers no problem to the home dressmaker. The collar and cuffs are fashioned of contrasting material, moire being much used for this purpose this season.

The patterns 5932 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5⅞ yards of 54 inch material, and for long coat 4¼ yards of material the same width, with 1⅛ yards of contrasting fabric.

5935—Ladies' Four Gored Skirt.

This stylish skirt with panel front and back cannot fail to please. Darts at the sides fit it snugly over the hips. It has the slightly raised waistline, but if this is not desired, the skirt provides for cutting off for regulation waistline.

The pattern, 5405, is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 4 yards of 44 inch material.

Glass That Resists Burglars.

Harper's Weekly

There is a glass of French invention which is intended to be proof against the ordinary attacks of burglars. So many cases of burglary have been committed by the breaking of show-windows and snatching of valuables on exhibition that a special effort has been made to end this particular form of theft. The French glass is produced by a secret process, but the makers admit that thickness and care in its manufacture are its principal essentials. It is made about three-quarters of an inch thick and on test has resisted the blow of a ten-pound iron disk. The same blow would have shattered ordinary plate glass completely.

The Camel's Hump.

The hump of the camel is an accumulation of a peculiar species of fat which is not liable to be acted upon by the great heat to which the animal is exposed. It consists chiefly of stearine or hard fat. It is, in fact, a storehouse of nourishment beneficiently provided against the day of want, to which the animal in a wild state is often exposed and from which he is not entirely exempt in a state of domestication. The dromedary or camel can exist for a long period upon this hump alone, without any other food, and it does not die of want until the hump has been entirely absorbed and applied to the nourishment of the system.

Why Silver Tarnishes.

Harper's Weekly.

Everybody is familiar with the tendency of silverware to part with its brilliance and become tarnished when exposed to ordinary atmospheric influences, but not every one knows that the cause of the tarnishing is the action of sulphur in the air. Unless frequently cleaned, the surface of silver will become black in the course of a few months. The best way to keep silver bright without the necessity of cleaning is said to be to coat the surface with a thin solution of collodion varnish diluted with spirits of wine. After being applied with a soft brush the spirit evaporates, leaving a thin, glossy, transparent film on the polished surface. Warm water removes the varnish. Tarnished silver may be restored by careful rubbing with a soft cloth wet with dilute solution of potassium cyanide, one ounce to a quart of water, followed by rinsing.

SPECIAL SESSION IS COLONEL'S PLAN

If Elected Will Call Congress to Enact Progressive Promises Into Law.

Tucson, Ariz., Sept. 18.—If Col. Roosevelt is elected President, he said in a speech here yesterday, he will call a special session of congress just after his inauguration, to put into effect, so far as can be done by congress, the Progressive party's program for social and industrial legislation. The program includes a minimum wage scale for women, a "living wage," prohibition of child labor, regulation of hours of labor and other measures.

"While there are many important planks in the platform of the Progressive party," he said, "I am most interested in the plank dealing with human welfare. I believe that the issues there raised are the great issues of this campaign, which neither of the old parties is facing squarely. The Progressive party, if it is put into power, will carry out every promise which it has made in its platform. We regard the platform as a contract with the people—a contract to be kept to the letter.

"If I am elected President, I shall call a special session of congress immediately to take up these matters. It is of course true that the reforms for which we call are largely subjects which must be dealt with by the legislatures of the various states, but there are certain matters which we can and will take up in congress if the opportunity is given us.

"I would have congress take up three things: First is the application of our program to employes of the government. Next is its application to the District of Columbia and Alaska. In the third place we would apply it to interstate commerce as far as possible.

Make Washington Model.

Col. Roosevelt said it was difficult to define the lengths to which congress could go in dealing with concerns engaged in interstate commerce through congressional action. He would attempt to put on the statute books, he said, as much legislation along these lines as could be applied to the railroads and the usual concerns doing an interstate business.

In the District of Columbia, Col. Roosevelt said he would put into effect laws which would make the city of Washington a model, not only for the United States, but for the nations of the world. A great deal of money had been spent, he said, in building boulevards and public adornments in the city and he thought that some of this money should go to the improvement of the condition of the poor. He said he would urge laws to clear out the alley tenements and to build small parks for the workingmen and would advocate the adoption of the complete program of the Progressive party's "human welfare" plank in the District.

GORILLA TYPE NOT FEARED

Scientists Ridicule Dr. Ross' Prediction About Race.

Philadelphia, Sept. 20.—Dr. William H. Furness, a psychologist of Wallingford, and Dr. Lightner Witner, professor of psychology of the University of Pennsylvania, yesterday ridiculed the prediction of Dr. Forbes Ross, of London, that by 3912 the human race will have reverted to the gorilla type.

The contention of Dr. Ross is that the tendency to curtail the birth of children in the better classes and the multiplication of the dissolute and less intelligent will produce a race of prognathous jaws, receding foreheads, flat noses and canine teeth.

"Everything we know seems to point in the opposite direction," said Dr. Furness in discussing the Ross prediction. "I certainly cannot join Dr. Ross in his prophecy, as I do not believe that such is the destiny of the race. However, Dr. Ross is perfectly safe in describing the future race, as none of us will be here to prove he was all wrong."

How Have the Past Three Years Treated YOU?

JOHN SMITH--healthy, sun-tanned and rugged--lives in a farming community. (That isn't his *real* name but it will do.) This is a true story.

John was talking with a local merchant the other day.

"I voted for Taft in 1908," said John, "but never again. We've got to have a *change!*"

"That so?" responded the merchant, who was a thinking man. "Hum? What's your balance in bank, John?"

"Oh! About $1,800 or $1,900---near as I remember," John replied.

"Can't remember *exactly*, eh? How much do you owe, John?"

"Don't owe a cent in the world!" he smiled.

"Got a nice place out there, haven't you, John?"

"You're right I have," asserted John, emphatically. "Got a hundred and thirty acres of land, clear; a good house and barns; nice bunch of stock; horses and machinery. And the finest crop the sun shines on."

"What did you have when Mr. Taft became president, John?"

"Didn't have a blamed thing," John admitted. "Made all I own *in the last three years.*"

The merchant said nothing. Merely looked at the man and smiled. And kept on smiling.

Presently it dawned on John Smith what his friend the merchant was driving at. He got red in the face and fidgeted in his chair.

"Say!" he finally broke out, "I hadn't thought of it that way. Why! *I've never done so well in my life* as I have in the three years since Taft has been president. I wonder how a change *could* help me any?"

* * *

Bill Jones (this isn't *his* real name either) lives in a big manufacturing city. And this, too, is a true story.

Bill was out of work THREE YEARS AGO. His wife was doing washing, one of his girls was clerking in a department store, and his biggest boy was selling papers, and doing anything he could get to make a few pennies.

Bill --- the *man* of the house --- tramped the streets day and night looking for work, and finding none.

Railroads were laying off men, mills were closed, factories idle.

The family lived in a small, low-rent, dark basement.

Today Bill Jones has a steady job, at good wages. He has had it for *nearly three years.*

He and his family live in the outskirts of the city, in a neat, comfortable cottage with a flower-garden in the front and vegetables in the back. There are some chickens, too.

Bill is *buying* the place.

The girl is going to school; and the boy is learning a trade in an electrical machine shop.

Bill has a level head. He *knows* WHY business is good, why mills and railroads are all busy, why HE has a steady job, and is happy and prosperous.

Says Bill: "I've got all this since Taft became president. I can't *argue* with you smart politicians. BUT I know which side MY bread is buttered on. And I VOTE to keep in power *the man who gave me back my job.*"

What have the past three years done for YOU?

Have you not a better salary, a better wage, a better job; better clothes, a happier home, and more pleasures than you had before Mr. Taft became president?

You have it because Mr. Taft and his co-workers have been *building up*---not *tearing down.* Because capital is being freely invested; trade is good; wages are gradually being adjusted to new world-conditions; farmers are getting good prices for their crops and are spending the money freely.

Only four years ago, just before President Taft was elected, there was a panic---and misery. Capital was tied up in safe-deposit boxes; mills and factories were closed because manufacturers could not sell the goods they made; empty freight cars filled the railroad sidings; farms were mortgaged; labor was hungry and desperate.

In four short years Mr. Taft and his associates have worked wonders.

There is much yet to be done. There are evils that are uncorrected; wrongs and injustices to be righted.

But the same wise and sane methods that have brought order out of chaos, peace out of war, and plenty out of poverty, can be relied on to *continue* the good work.

To tear off the bandages, reopen the old sores, and destroy the healing that has taken place, will only set us back to where we were before. Mr Taft became President.

We want *quiet*, not blow and bluster; *peace* not war; *sane common-sense*, not revolutionary or untried theories.

* * *

Continue the careful, *genuinely* progressive methods of Mr. Taft and you insure during the next four years, as during the three just past, a steady advancement of the country's general prosperity.

You are asked to put a charge of dynamite under all existing conditions, with the *chance* of improving them; but *the sane man doesn't take that kind of a chance.*

He prefers the slower, surer method with which he is familiar, and the results of which he KNOWS by experience.

Never was the country more prosperous; never were important questions being better solved; never had a nation a better outlook for the futu re

WHY, then, throw overboard proven chart, and tested compass and adventure on an unknown sea?

You *know* what Mr. Taft has accomplished during the past three years. You *know* what the policy of the next four will be with him at the helm.

You *know nothing* of what might happen under the impetuous and disturbing influences that his defeat would bring to a prosperous and contented people.

To vote for Mr. Taft is to insure a continuance of peace and prosperity.

To vote against him is to bring on a period of experiment and theory the end of which no man can foresee.

REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.

Charles D. Hilles, Chairman — James B. Reynolds, Secretary

ROOSEVELT TALKS TO INDIANS IN THE SIGN LANGUAGE

Albuquerque, N. M., Sept. 19.—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt saw much of the Indians of New Mexico yesterday and before he started for Colorado last night had struck up a neighborhood acquaintance with them. Most of the day was spent in the run across the state and whenever the train stopped the Indians and Colonel Roosevelt studied each other.

Indians Meet His Train.

It was Pueblo Indians whom Colonel Roosevelt met wherever he went. Colonel Cecil Lyon, of Texas, and major-domo of the Roosevelt train, sent word ahead to the Indian villages along the way that the colonel was coming through, and the Indians left their little white huts on the cliffs and came out to meet him.

A former student at the Carlisle Indian school, Frank Simons, chief of the Indians at La Guna, was in front to do the honors.

As soon as the train stopped the chief walked forward and shook hands with Colonel Roosevelt.

"What school?" the colonel asked.

"Carlisle," the chief replied.

"That's fine, by George," said the colonel. "There was a Carlisle boy at the Olympic games who cleaned them all up. He ran like a coyote with a torch in his mouth."

Gives Indian Signs.

At this the Indians wagged their heads and smiled, for the colonel had used a bit of Indian slang which they understood.

"Oh, I lived among the Indians in the north," he said, "and I know a good deal about you. See here." The colonel thrust an arm into the air with two fingers held apart like a V.

"Indian sign language," he said. "That means Jack Rabbit."

The Indians wagged their heads.

Then the colonel drew his forefinger across his throat, as if he were cutting it.

"Sioux Indians," he said, and the Indians agreed.

He then put his hands, with fingers outstretched, beside his head like huge ears. This was supposed to represent the head of a wolf peering over the top of the cactus.

"Apache," he called out.

"The great white father knows," said the chief.

U. S. BONDS HELD

Washington, Sept. 19.—The debt of the United States government, on which interest has ceased, and the greater part of which probably never will be collected from Uncle Sam, aggregates $1,700,450, covering loans all the way from 1790 to 1907. This fact was made public today by J. C. Napier, register of the treasury, in his annual report for 1912.

There are a number of holders of these bonds who refuse to present them for redemption, although they know that the government long ago ceased to pay interest on them. Treasury officials are unable to explain their attitude except on the ground that they know their principal is safe in the federal treasury.

It is estimated that nearly a million dollars of this debt has been lost or destroyed. This includes the outstanding issues from 1790 down through the civil war loans.

In the early days of the republic, loans were called "stock" in the government. There is now outstanding $27,870 of the "six per cent stock of 1790," $15,935 of the "deferred six per cent stock of 1790," $13,953 of the "three per cent of 1790." Several hundred thousand dollars of the civil war loans are outstanding. The largest amount outstanding is $800,350 of the called funded loan of 1907.

WANTS "BRITCHES" PERMIT

Springfield, Ill., Sept. 19.—"Governor Deneen, Dear Sir—I want a special permit from you to wear knee britches and blouse. I farm and want to drive my own race horse at the state fair. Address S. E. Graulich or phone Robert Wiseley, Coulterville, Ill."

The foregoing letter was received recently by Governor Deneen. The executive can find no statutory provision for his guidance in the matter and will write Graulich to this effect.

So far as is known there is no law against wearing "knee britches."

TAIL LIKE A SHARK, FEET LIKE A PARROT.

Venice, Cal., Sept. 19.—One of the queerest deep sea creatures ever seen here was brought in today by a fisherman. It is five feet in length, black and green mottled, with a tail like that of a shark. It has a dorsal fin and four feet shaped like those of a parrot. Its mouth resembles that of a gila monster, while its head is a replica, on a large scale, of that of a California horned toad.

Notice to Our Readers

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The PEACE PAGE.

DREAMS AND THE REAL

There were little old fashioned flowers in the garden, phlox and petunias, bachelors buttons and heartsease. A bush of bleeding hearts grew close to the little low door and another blossomed under the square paned window with its neat white dimity curtains moving sedately in the gentle breeze that seemed forever blowing there. It was an almost human sort of thing, that breeze. It carried secrets that it whispered and worried about, it had soft fingers in it that tapped and searched and that always patted the cheeks of a little old lady who sometimes sat in the window or stood in the door.

She was such a tiny old lady, bent and sweet and fragile with straight smiling lips and keen eyes that could meet anyone's gaze unafraid. Her hair was snowy white, but blush roses still bloomed in her wrinkled cheeks. She was like a winter rose.

The old lady had one son, and she worshiped him. No more utterly blind idolatry was ever given by a heathen to his strange gods than she gave to her boy, thinking about him, fearing for him, worrying and praying.

In his youth he had been restless, impatient of restraint, a little lawless. He disliked the little town, was bored by his mother's friends, and found life in general unbearable. So one night he went away and left her and she had never seen him since, though he wrote to her regularly and sent her splendid gifts.

Her husband had been dead these many years, and she had set her whole heart on the boy. For his very boyish restlessness she loved him, for his impatient quickness of thought and manner, for his little vivid ways, his contempt for conventions, his lawlessness. She brought him back before her vision as she sat in the window. She saw him come into the dusky, old fashioned room, that smelled of centuries of rose jars, his eager dark face aglow. She heard the thrilling music of his passionate living voice. He was so alive! She smiled when she thought how wonderfully alive he was.

When she stood in the doorway she saw him come swinging up the street, big, unusual, wonderful. She heard the slam of the gate, the noise of his feet on the graveled path. She almost put out her arms to him. She filled her days with dreams of him till the old cottage echoed with his footsteps and his voice.

Presently he was married. He wrote her all about the girl and sent her pictures. With a mother's divine surety that no one is so splendid as her child, she felt that the girl was not suited to him. There was something smug about her face, smug and calm and expressionless. She could not imagine his restlessness, his vividness, his abounding life and vitality chained to her.

"It's because she's pretty and he was temporarily infatuated," his mother mourned to herself. She was intensely sorry for him when the awakening should come, but like mothers the world over, could only stand back helplessly and wait.

Then they came to visit her. The old lady lived a hundred times over just how it would seem to meet this big, vital, alive son of hers. So long had she known only the dream boy.

The day came, bright and full of sun. The petunias and the bleeding hearts danced fairy-like in the breeze that on this day was full of soft laughter and happiness. The old lady threw open the house to the breeze, windows and doors, and waited.

Then they came. She heard the latch of the gate, and flew to the door to meet them. He was tall, a little stout, and not a little pompous. She got an impression of an expanse of immaculate vest over which a large and correct watch chain was carefully draped. There was no spring in his walk. There was no life in his face. He was very correct, built after a model, as though men of his kind had been turned out of a mould by the hundred. His wife, too, was as correct as he was, and just as much turned out from a mould.

As the hours of their visit passed the old lady came to realize that this was not merely the outward mark of the passing of the years, but that it was the sign of an inward death and decay.

Sometimes when they went out to walk she sat in her quiet little house, with the breeze stirring at the curtains and the smell of the petunias floating in the window, and saw again her vision, heard the eager, living voice, saw the vivid face.

When the day came that they were to return to their home she could find no regret in her heart. She was sick of her son's pompous, dry utterances. She was tired of his wife's eternal correctness. She kissed them goodbye with trembling eagerness.

At the gate her son turned to his wife, with a certain sadness.

"Mother will miss us. She will be very lonely," he said.

Inside she was saying softly to herself: "I could not have endured another day."

And a smile, wistful, childishly eager was on her lips. For all through the house she heard a passionate, young voice, and the echoes of impatient feet. Her dreams were sweeter than reality.

Attended Japanese Emperor's Funeral

The unique distinction of being the only secretary of state in the history of the United States who has been sent as a special ambassador to a foreign power, has been conferred upon Secretary Knox by President Taft. Secretary Knox represented the President at the funeral of the late Emperor Mutsuhito, of Japan, and by special request of President Taft, Mrs. Knox accompanied her husband on his solemn ceremonial journey. President Taft personally requested Mrs. Knox also to accompany the secretary of state on his visit to the Central American republics. The request proved of inestimable benefit to the mission of good faith and American friendship to our neighbors of the south. If Mr. Knox had gone alone, only men would have been privileged to attend many of the formal functions. With Mrs. Knox in the party it immediately became an event in which all might participate, and it was a delicate tribute to the women of Central America.

No less was it a tribute to the marvelous diplomatic ability displayed by Mrs. Knox, that she should be selected for the weighty honor of representing the entire United States in foreign countries.

Leslie's Weekly declares: "It is safe to say that the Japanese will be quick to appreciate the tribute paid to them by the presence of Mrs. Knox along with the distinguished secretary of state. Throughout the visit she will observe the mourning customs of Japan, simple black for men and the same for women, except at court. Mrs. Knox will be the same gracious figure in the far East as she is in Washington official life or in her own home.

EDITOR'S LETTER

Friends.—This is to be just a "letter back home" written to all you people in a truly homesick spirit. For I am from the open country myself, not from the places of narrow paths edged with box nor yet from paved streets bounded by high walls, but from the big, free open country, and I am hungry for it, for a sight of the fields, for the quietness of it, for the smell of the flowers and the wet earth after the rain. It's a sad thing to be homesick, with the sick ache at your heart and the hope that never comes true. I grow very tired of the hot streets of the city, of the noises and the constant stress. But just because of that homesickness and that longing for the still fields and the shadowy green of the arched trees in the woods, I have made for myself a new philosophy. It may be my lot to be in the city and to remain here. And by being homesick so much of the time I am but troubling my friends and those who love me with conditions that they cannot change. So I have made up my mind that I am going to speak of all the cheerful things that I want, for other people, if I cannot have them myself. And in reading some of the new books of the year I have wished that their authors might become imbued with that feeling. If they do not know happiness, write of happiness nevertheless. The less they know of happiness and the more they want it the more they should write of it and attempt to pass it along to others. For we none of us have an entirely happy life, and we all have our little ideals of happiness tucked away in cotton wool some place for future use, knowing right well that they will never come true, but loving them just the same. Well, when you write a book, or paint a picture, or send a letter that breathes that sort of happiness you make the person's dream of happiness who received it that much more real. He says to himself: "That person has found it. If others have, I can." And so the endless chain of cheer and inspiration goes on. And if you are the unhappy author, writing cheer and happiness always you will find your unhappiness grow less each day. You cannot help yourself. It is a natural fact. Try seeming happy whether you are or not. It will have an effect on you mentally and physically both, that will be splendid.

Here is a thought for daily use. It is one of Emerson's: "When you have resolved to be great, abide by yourself and do not weakly try to reconcile yourself with the world." I take that to mean great in either a spiritual or a worldly sense, because I like to believe he so intended it.

The cold days are coming. Let's draw our chairs close around the fireplace and talk to each other every week by letter. Write me a letter whenever you want to visit with the Peace Page people. You are always welcome, and only lack of space keeps me from printing all your letters.—The Editor.

POETS' CORNER

LOST ON THE LADY ELGIN

Up from the poor man's cottage—
Forth from the mansion door,
Sweeping across the waters,
And echoing on the shore;
Caught by the morning breezes—
Borne on the evening gale,
Cometh a voice of mourning
A sad and solemn wail.

Chorus.

Lost on the Lady Elgin,
Sleeping to wake no more,
Numbered in that three hundred
Who failed to reach the shore.

Oh, 'tis the cry of children,
Weeping for parents gone
Children who slept at evening,
But orphans awoke at dawn.
Sisters for brothers weeping,
Husbands for missing wives—
Such are the ties dissevered
With those three hundred lives.

Stanch was the noble steamer,
Precious the freight she bore;
Gaily she loosed her cables,
A few short hours before.
Grandly she swept our harbor,
Joyfully rang her bell,
Little we thought 'ere morning
'Twould toll so sad a knell.

DREAMS OF CHILDHOOD

As I wandered 'round the homestead
Many a dear familiar spot
Brought within my recollection
Scenes I'd seemingly forgot;
There, the orchard—meadow, yonder—
Here, the deep, old-fashioned well,
With its old, moss-covered bucket,
Sent a thrill no tongue can tell.

Though the house was held by strangers,
All remained the same within,
Just as when a child I rambled
Up and down, and out and in;
To the garret dark ascending—
Once a source of childish dread—
Peering through the misty cobwebs,
Lo! I saw my trundle-bed.

Quick I drew it from the rubbish,
Covered o'er with dust so long;
When, behold, I heard in fancy
Strains of one familiar song
Often sung by my dear mother
To me in that trundle-bed;
"Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber!
Holy angels guard thy bed!"

While I listen to the music
Stealing on in gentle strain,
I am carried back to childhood—
I am now a child again;
'Tis the hour of my retiring,
At the dusky eventide;
Near my trundle-bed I'm kneeling,
As of yore, by mother's side.

Hands are on my head so loving,
As they were in shildhood days,
I, with weary tones, am trying
To repeat the words she says;
'Tis a prayer in language simple
As a mother's lips can frame,
"Father, Thou who art in heaven,
Hallowed, ever, be Thy name."

Prayer is over; to my pillow
With a "good night" kiss I creep,
Scarcely waking while I whisper
"Now I lay me down to sleep."
Then my mother, o'er me bending,
Prays in earnest words, but mild:
"Hear my prayer, O Heavenly Father,
Bless, oh! bless my precious child!"

Yet I am but only dreaming,
Ne'er I'll be a child again;
Many years has that dear mother
In the quiet churchyard lain;
But the memory of her counsels,
O'er my path a light has shed,
Daily calling me to heaven,
Even from my trundle-bed.

LUCY GRAY

By William Wadsworth.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray;
And when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door.

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

"Tonight will be a stormy night;
You to the town must go,
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

"That, father, will I gladly do;
'Tis scarcely afternoon;
The minster clock has just struck
two,
And yonder is the moon."

At this the father raised his hook
And snapped a faggot band;
He plied his work and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is mountain roe:
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time:
She wandered up and down,
And many a hill did Lucy climb;
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide;
But there was neither sound nor
sight
To serve them for a guide.

At daybreak on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor;
And thence they saw the bridge of
wood
A furlong from their door.

They wept and turning homeward
cried
"In heaven we all shall meet!"
When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy's feet.

Half breathless, from the steep hill
edge
They traced the footmarks small;
And through the broken hawthorn
hedge
And by the long stone wall.

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none.

Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind,
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

OUR MISSION

If you cannot, on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billows
Laughing at the storms you meet;
You can go among the sailors
Anchored safe within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them
As they launch their boats away.

If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley
As the multitude go by;
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along,
Though they may forget the song
They will not forget the song.

If you cannot, with the reapers
Garner up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain, both ripe and golden
Do the careless reapers leave.
You can go among the binders
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If where fire and smoke are thickest
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

If you have not gold or silver
Ever ready to command,
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand,
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
You can be a true disciple,
Sitting at the Saviour's feet.

Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do,
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Here we meet for Health, happiness and Good cheer.

FROM THE GRAPE COUNTRY

Dear Friends of the Peace Page and Cozy Corner—I have enjoyed the many entertaining letters of all you people and I like to read what Ye Editor has to say to us. I like to read the letters of travel, of descriptions of other places, and I like the Cozy Corner. In fact, I like it all, nearly so, at least. I saw a letter a while ago wishing the children's corner to be supplanted with something. I am no child but I should certainly miss the children's letters. If I should wish anything abolished, it would be the advertisements from our page. There seem plenty of other places in the newspaper for them. I am not going to enlighten you as to my looks as beauty is only skin deep, for even if a person be ever so homely, and they live right, think right and do the best they can, they will look good. I have several hobbies. I am fond of pets, of good books, art needlework, children, yes! and "Hubby." And I am so proud that I was born in old New York with its many hills and rills. If this letter escapes the Giant's Mouth I may come again in the future and tell a few of the points of interest. This is the busy season of the year in our part of the country and it will soon be swarming with people from different parts, to help in the grape harvesting, picking, packing and getting ready for shipment to all parts of our great country, east, west, north and south. They are later than usual this year. This is a beautiful country in the summer, but cold and windy in the winter. However, one doesn't mind the weather if one can only be well. — Mrs. H., of Chautauqua, N. Y.

AN OREGON NATURE LOVER

Dear Friends of the Peace Page—I read with pleasure the letters from New England Girl and Nature Lover of Bridgeport, Conn., and would like to correspond with either of them, as I would so much like to know something of the floral treasures of the New England states. I am studying botany and am much interested in ferns and mosses, as well as flowers. We have many beautiful flowers here in Oregon. We have two species of Dutchman's breeches, though only one is to be found in this particular neighborhood. Mosses grow in great profusion here on trees, roofs, fences and soil. Some species are shipped east in carload lots to be used in shipping trees and plants. We also have an abundance of mistletoe on our oak trees and it is shipped to the eastern states at Christmas time. The climate of western Oregon is very mild. We have no very hot days in summer and it is pleasant in the winter. I have lived in Oregon all my life and have never seen ice over two inches in thickness and have never seen a pair of skates or a sleigh, as we could never have a chance to use either. I am sending you some directions that may ease the suffering of consumptives a little as it is a remedy for inflammation of the lungs. Take common mullein steeped to a strong tea and sweeten with ordinary sugar. Drink freely at least three times a day and continue the treatment for five or six months. It should be gathered before the end of July and dried in the shade and kept tied up in paper bags. It strengthens the system — Laurelle, An Oregon Girl.

WORTH KNOWING

If still wet, do not wipe off, but pour on some kind of oil, preferably sweet oil or linseed oil. If dry, rub with kerosene with oil and turpentine, or with oil and alcohol.

To clean sooty kettles, rub grease over the soot and then wash in hot suds. After that it may be necessary to scour with bath brick dust.

Cooking utensils and knives and forks often retain the odor of mackerel and other fish, even after a good washing. Stick the knives and forks into a pot of fresh earth and scatter earth thickly in the frying pan or kettle.

To clean cane chairs, wash with hot water until completely soaked, using soap if necessary. Allow them to dry in the open air and the seats will become as tight as when new.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.
Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

ONE WHO SEES BOTH SIDES

The ideas of Becky Jane on training children are all right and she knows where to look for the best source of help. God bless her and send many like her. The idea to cease fighting the bad and fostering the good is good policy in dealing with grown-ups as well as children. I think, however, that Becky Jane has the wrong view on the question of woman's suffrage. She is looking at it from the viewpoint of the protected wife, a mother in a sheltered home. But there are multitudes of women without husbands; there are multitudes of women with husbands and no children; multitudes of women with children and no husbands and multitudes of women with both husbands and children who yet have to go out into the world to earn money to pay the rent and to buy food and clothing for themselves and children and ofttimes husbands, too. How about these sisters of yours, Becky Jane? Are they nothing to you? Are the conditions under which they live ideal for them? Are they ideal even for the good man who goes out to work for you and other Becky Janes? You say, "Will the ballot make these conditions ideal?" Oh, no, but the ballot is the only symbol of authorized power that civilized nations recognize, and when this power can be doubled how much better to have it so! True, we may well tremble when we think of the one-man power that may be wielded by certain religious bodies, or societies or social organizations, but this will right itself in time, with proper training.

One of our leading religious papers, awhile ago, gave the testimony of governors, senators and leading men of the states where woman suffrage already exists, as to its good influence and results.

Hair pulling is not as bad as shooting affrays. All voters are not necessarily office-seekers, nor ultra politicians. Does a man neglect his family and home when he goes to cast his vote? Many women, I for one, would shirk from serving on a jury, especially a "Berneston" jury, but neither would my brother care to sit on a murder case. But whether we like it or not woman sufferage is surely coming, so the Becky Janes may as well prepare for it. There are signs of it all over the civilized world. It is coming, not because women are clamoring for it, not because men are going to give it to them, not because it is their "right," but because it is their duty. Women are responsible with men in bringing citizens into the world. They should share the responsibility of their government and of bettering the conditions under which they shall live. Too long has this burden been laid on the shoulders of fathers, husbands and brothers.—Aunt Mary of Illinois.

PERSONAL INFLUENCE

Dear M. G. R.—I wonder if we all realize as much as we should what an influence our everyday life has on those around us. Just to think that every word we speak has an influence for either good or evil is almost frightening. Kind and gentle words will linger on after the speaker has passed into eternity, while unkind words linger just as long. But, oh, the contrast between them! An influence is something that we cannot destroy. As a writer has said, "It is a mysterious power that I have—this power of influence—and it clings to me. I cannot shake it off. It was born with me. It has grown with my growth. It is strengthened with my strength. It speaks, it walks, it moves. In every look of my eye, in every word of my lips, in every act of my life." I certainly did enjoy Lucy Mae's letter from W. Va., in an issue sometime ago. I hope I have not wearied you.—F. E. B. of Tennessee.

A LETTER FROM SISTER CREGG

Dear Peace Pagers—It is Sunday afternoon and I have just gotten cleaned up after being out trying to teach a calf to drink, and I must say the creature was just as obstinate as many a human being I've seen. We have a pair of calves and I sort of thought that in about three or four years they would make about as good a team to ride after as the hobby-horses some of our pagers like to ride. Then Jeremiah and I can both ride if he gets them well-broken, and I think he will. Talking about hobbies, women's rights was never one of mine. But then, they might be broken to drive well. Maybe not. One time our minister preached on women's rights, which I did not like. After meeting he says to me, "Now Sister Cregg, are you not for women's rights? And if not, why not?" I looked him over and then I says, "Elder, a woman better be home cooking, darning socks and rocking the cradle than gadding off to the polls to vote." "Well," he says, "Sister Cregg, you know the women have some responsibility, don't you?" "Why, yes," says I, "and making laws is another responsibility men would like to shift over to women." I think a lot of Uncle Sam but 'twixt you and me, don't you think him just the least bit inconsistent? He is trying to teach all his nieces and nephews the utility and desirability of the Postal Savings Bank. And he owes somewhere in the neighborhood of $3,000,000,000. I don't know but what the women might reduce the national debt some, and I believe I would try it, anyway. So I guess I will keep posted and if ever my state gives women their rights I will try and vote.—Jemima Cregg, Mich.

B. C. Whaley sends the riddle," I haven't got it and never did have it and don't want it, but if I did have it I would not take a thousand dollars for it." You had better send the answer along for I am afraid no one will guess it correctly.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Two Toledos.

My mamma's uncle from Toledo, Washington sends us The Toledo Blade and I saw the boys' and girls' letters, so I thought I would write one, too. I have a dog named Ben and two cats, Tom and Polly. I have a blue-jay that will come to the door every morning for something to eat. I live in the town of Denmark, Maine and we have two churches, six schools and a High school, a large corn factory where they can sweet corn and several large hotels, so we have lots of city people here every summer. They are going to erect a soldiers' monument here, too. I would like to have the boys and girls write to me.—Jennie Margaret Orcutt, East Brownfield, Maine.

Another Ina's Riddles.

Dear Boys and Girls—I want to answer some of the riddles that have been in the Blade. I think Ina White's first one is a wagon track and in the other I don't think there was any man in the other seat. I think the second riddle by Eleanor of West Tennessee must be a newspaper. Am I right? Now I will give you some myself:

"Round as a ring,
Yellow as gold,
Been before Adam,
But not a month old."

The second is, why did Washington cross the Delaware? Here is another:

"I have a little sister, she has but one eye,
She climbs the mountains high, high, high,
She wades in the waters deep, deep, deep,
And this little sister's name is Peep, Peep, Peep."

—Ina Whitlock, R. 3, Box 73, Floyd, Pa.

You may write your answers directly to Ina, girls and boys.

Three Riddles.

Hello, Jolly Readers! This is my third attempt to write. Mr. Waste Basket was hungry and grabbed the first letter I sent. I thank the editor for publishing the second. Majorie Huff, of New York, I am sending the answers to your riddles. Are they correct? First, a buggy; second, spectacles; third, a newspaper; fourth, a needle, and fifth, the word charitable. I am sending a few riddles myself.

1. In the corner is an old time clock and standing on it is a wooden man with a wooden hammer in his hand, and every time he hears the clock strike he hits it with the hammer. When the clock strikes 12 times, how many times does he hit it?

2. Crooked as a rainbow, teeth like a cat,
It will take you all night to guess that.

3. What is it that goes around the house and doesn't leave a track?

How many of you can answer these? I hope it gets into print so that I can see how good you all are at guessing. — Mildred Elizabeth Shenk, of Virginia.

SHORT AND SWEET

"My hobby is embroidery," says Nelle Cobb, Buffalo, West Virginia. She wishes the Peace Page sister who said her hobby was the same to write to her.

"I live in the Volunteer state of the Union. What state do you think that is?" says Blue Eyes. I shall tell you boys and girls a secret. Her letter was postmarked from Tennessee.

Cricket from the Ozarks, how about another letter?

Jessie DeVane, Plant City, Fla., belongs to the postcards exchange. Send her some postals.

OUR COOK BOOK

Old Fashioned Soup.

Get a soup bone of any size desired, cover with cold water, salt to taste and boil until tender. Remove the meat from the kettle, pare and cut in small pieces, potatoes, onions and carrots, if desired. Add mixed spices tied in a cloth. When vegetables are well cooked have this mixture for dumplings ready: One pint of flour, one teaspoon of baking powder and a pinch of salt, mixed to a dough with water. Boil rapidly for five or seven minutes in a closed kettle. If soup is not thick enough add a tablespoon of flour dissolved in a little milk.

Pop Overs.

One cup of flour, one cup of milk, a piece of butter the size of an egg, and a pinch of salt. Bake in gem pans.

Chicken Sausage.

Take filet of fat and tender hen, pound to a paste in a mortar, pass through fine strong sieve and return to mortar. Add one tablespoon of flour, whites of six eggs slightly beaten, mix well, season with pepper and salt, a little cayenne, dilute with cream enough to make a thick paste. Have some sausage casing in water, fill skins with chicken paste and tie like sausage. If preferred small timbale tins can be used instead of casing. Put cold water in milk pan, place on back of stove, lay casing or timbale tins in and let them heat to the simmering point and cook about three-quarters of an hour. Serve with cream sauce.

Scalloped Tomatoes.

Remove the skin (by scalding) of five or six medium sized tomatoes, cut in thin slices, sprinkle with salt, let stand for 20 minutes that some of the juice may be drawn off draining, season with pepper and onion juice or small onion chopped fine. Cover the bottom of fireproof baking dish (that the tomatoes can be served in) generously with butter, then add three-fourth of a cup of browned cracker crumbs, cover with tomatoes. Cover the top with three-quarters of a cup of buttered crumbs. Bake in hot oven until crumbs are brown. For buttered cracker crumbs allow one-quarter of a cup of slightly melted butter to each cup of crumbs and mix lightly to keep the crumbs separate.

Baked Peaches.

Wash good firm peaches, place in a deep pan or baking dish without cutting or paring, sprinkle with flour, put on bits of butter and generous sprinkling of sugar. Bake until tender.

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NAME .....

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This Washer Must Pay for Itself

A MAN tried to sell me a horse once. He said it was a fine horse and had nothing the matter with it. I wanted a fine horse. But, I didn't know anything about horses much. And I didn't know the man very well either.

So I told him I wanted to try the horse for a month. He said "All right, but pay me first, and I'll give you back your money if the horse isn't all right."

Well, I didn't like that. I was afraid the horse wasn't "all right" and that I might have to whistle for my money if I once parted with it. So I didn't buy the horse although I wanted it badly. Now this set me thinking.

You see I make Washing Machines—the "1900 Gravity" Washer.

And I said to myself, lots of people may think about my Washing Machine as I thought about the horse and about the man who owned it.

But I'd never know, because they wouldn't write and tell me. You see I sell my Washing Machines by mail. I have sold over half a million that way.

So, thought I, it is only fair enough to let people try my Washing Machines for a month, before they pay for them, just as I wanted to try the horse.

Now, I know what our "1900 Gravity" Washer will do. I know it will wash the clothes, without wearing or tearing them, in less than half the time they can be washed by hand or by any other machine.

I know it will wash a tub full of very dirty clothes in Six minutes. I know no other machine ever invented can do that, without wearing out the clothes.

Our "1900 Gravity" Washer does the work so easy that a child can run it almost as well as a strong woman, and it don't wear the clothes, fray the edges nor break buttons the way all other machines do.

It just drives soapy water clear through the fibres of the clothes like a force pump might.

So I said to myself, I will do with my "1900 Gravity" Washer what I wanted the man to do with the horse. Only I wont wait for people to ask me. I'll offer first, and I'll make good the offer every time.

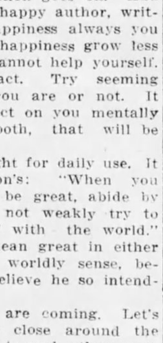
Let me send you a "1900 Gravity" Washer on a month's free trial. I'll pay the freight out of my own pocket, and if you don't want the machine after you've used it a month, I'll take it back and pay the freight too. Surely that is fair enough, isn't it?

Doesn't it prove that the "1900 Gravity" Washer must be all that I say it is?

And you can pay me out of what it saves for you. It will save its whole cost in a few months, in wear and tear on the clothes alone. And then it will save 50 cents to 75 cents a week over that in washwoman's wages. If you keep the machine after the month's trial, I'll let you pay for it out of what it saves you. If it saves you 60 cents a week, send me 50 cents a week 'till paid for. I'll take that cheerfully, and I'll wait for my money until the machine itself earns the balance.

Drop me a line today, and let me send you a book about the "1900 Gravity" Washer that washes clothes in 6 minutes.

Address me this way—H. L. Barker, 771 Court St., Binghamton, N. Y. If you live in Canada, address 1900 Washer Co., 357 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.



YOUNG WIFE SAVED FROM HOSPITA

Tells How Sick She Was A What Saved Her From An Operation.

Upper Sandusky, Ohio. — "Three ye ago I was married and went to ho keeping. I was feeling well could hardly d myself along. I such tired feelin my back ached, sides ached, I bladder trouble fully bad, and I c not eat or sleep. I headaches, too, became almost a vous wreck. My

tor told me to go to a hospital. I not like that idea very well, so, whe saw your advertisement in a pape wrote to you for advice, and have don you told me. I have taken Lydia Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Liver Pills, and now I have my hea "If sick and ailing women would k know enough to take your medicine, t would get relief." — Mrs. BENJ. H. STA BERY, Route 6, Box 18, Upper Sandus Ohio.

If you have mysterious pains, irre larity, backache, extreme nervousn inflammation, ulceration or displ ment, don't wait too long, but try Ly E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound n

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkha Vegetable Compound, made from r and herbs, has been the standard rem for female ills, and such unquestion testimony as the above proves the va of this famous remedy and should every one confidence.

ANY STATES TO SEND DELEGATES

Farming Congress in Alberta, Canada, Will Be Largely Attended.

governors of all states in which ...ulture is practiced to a large ex... have been invited by the Board Governors of the International Dry-...ming Congress to appoint 40 dele... to the convention to be held at ...bridge, Canada, Oct. 19-26 next. ...h promises to be the greatest ...ricultural meeting ever held on the ...erican continent. Already two ...es have announced the appoint... of strong delegations, and the ...rnors of these states have given ... assurance that there will be a ...ly representation.

...linois and Idaho have led off in ... and Governors Dineen and Haw... have taken a personal interest in ...ing their appointees to make prep... ...ons early to attend the congress. ... Hawley has accepted an invita... to participate, and Gov. Dineen ...promised to attend if the duties of ...office will permit. Gov. Hunt of ...ona has announced that he will ...d the delegation from that state. ...ich will come on a special train. ...h a large exhibit, while Gov. Cruce ...Oklahoma plans to accompany the ...ahoma City boosters who desire ...ahoma next year and who are ...congress next year to contest with Salt Lake ...paring to contest with Salt Lake ... Boise, Phoenix, San Antonio, Re... ...and other cities.

...very province in Canada is to be ...mally represented by its leaders in ...iculture and education, and the ...er cities are sending large delega... ...s of bankers, who are evincing a ...at interest in the dry-farming pro... ...anda. The Minnesota State Bank... ... Association is to send 10 dele... ...es, and the Western Canada Irriga... ...Congress has chosen 10 of its ...ding members as a special com... ...ree to attend and thoroughly in... ...stigate dry-farming methods with a ...w to their introduction in irrigated ...tions.

Noted Speakers.

The speakers at these general ses... ...s will include Hon. James Wilson, ...retary of agriculture of the United ...tes, who will be the personal rep... ...ntative of President Taft; Hon. R. ... Borden, premier of Canada, who ... represent the Domin'on govern...; Hon. Martin Burrell, minister ...agriculture of Canada; Dr. Liberty ...Bailey, dean of the college of agri... ...ture of Cornell University and one ...the foremost writers and speakers ...agricultural topics in the United ...tes; James J. Hill, the great rail... ...y magnate and former president of ... Great Northern railway.

The exposition in conjunction with ...e congress, is to be the largest ever ...d on this continent devoted ex...sively to agricultural products. The ...ited States government has reserv... ...large space for a $10,000 exhibit; ... Province of British Columbia has ...ved space and arranged for a ...,000 exhibit; the Dom nion of Can... ...a is collecting a very large exhibit; ... Saskatchewan exhibit will be one ...the largest; the Alberta exhibit ...ll amaze all, while there will be ...ndreds of district and individual ...mers' exhibits — in fact, there has ...en arranged one half mile frontal ...ibit space in the exposition build..., which are the pride of the peo... ...e of Lethbridge.

ED WETTING BACK of Control of Water CURED. SOC BOX FREE O. H. ROWAN CO., Dept 18 CHI. A-G

TISEPTIC—Cube tablets—liberal sample and illustra... ...married women sealed. Send stamp. Home ...Vermont, Buffalo, N. Y.

SECRETS FOR WOMEN Send 2c stamp for ...catalog of RUBBER ...NECESSITIES, TOILET GOODS AND REMEDIES ...SUPPLY HOUSE 6 B 60 Wabash Ave., Chi...

LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guar... ...antee my great, ...successful "Monthly" Compound, safely re... ...lieve the longest, most obstinate, abnormal cases in 3 to 5 ...days; pain or interference with work. Mail $1.00. ...Research R. 00. Booklet FREE. Write to-day. Address, ...R. B. Nothnagle Remedy Co. 916 Main St., Kansas City, Mo.

FREE to MEN STRENGTH CAPSULES ...Weak, losing Vigor, but still ambitious to co... ...for HERCULEAN Developer ...and GIANT Pulling Size Proof. ...Oswald Co., 318-24 W. 42d St., N. Y.

PILES IMMEDIATE RELIEF ...can be had by simply using the ...best remedy on earth, ...LUDWIG'S PILE OINTMENT ...It makes no difference what kind you ...have. Blind, Bleeding or Itching Piles. ...25 cents by mail today, to ...W. E. LUDWIG, Pharmacist, ...1344 Dorr st., Toledo, Ohio.

FITS I made a life-study of Fits, Epilepsy, or Falling Sickness and cured cases afflicted since childhood. Will PAY EXPRESSAGE on FREE TRIAL BOTTLE if you CUT OUT and RETURN this advertisement in your letter. Prompt relief guaranteed. ...dreds of testimonials on file. Give AGE and FULL PARTICULARS DR. F. HARVEY ROOF, Box 556, Station N. New York

$3.50 Recipe Free, For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today ---You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous

I have in my possession a prescription for ...ness, debility, lack of vigor, weakened man... ...hood, failing memory and lame back, brought on ...by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of ...youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous ...men right in their own homes—without any ad... ...ditional help or medicine—that I think every ...man who wishes to regain his manly powers and ...vigor quickly and quietly, should have a ...copy. So I have determined to send a copy of ...my prescription free of charge, in a plain, or... ...dinary sealed envelope to any man who will ...write for it.

...This prescription comes from a physician who ...has made a special study of men and I am ...sure that the surest-acting combination ...for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor ...ever put together. I owe it to my fellow men to send ...it, and I come in confidence so that any man ...reading this, who is weak and discouraged with ...repeated failures may stop drugging himself ...with harmful patent medicines, secure what I ...believe is the quickest-acting restorative, up... ...building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, ...cure himself at home quietly and quickly. ...Just send me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robin... ...son, 1264 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I ...will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in ...a plain sealed envelope free of charge. A ...few doctors would charge $5.00 to $10.00 ...for writing out a prescription like this ... and it is cured, free.

SELECTION OF THE CORN SEED

Twice as Much as Is Planned to Plant Should Be Selected.

Few farmers have enough seed corn. One bushel of shelled corn will plant from seven to eight acres. One hundred selected ears will make a bushel of shelled corn. At this rate it will take from 12 to 15 ears to plant one acre. It should be remembered, however, that the first selection is not always perfect, and oftimes, upon second selection and germinating test, half of the first selection will be thrown out. Thus it is seen that there should always be selected in the fall at least twice as much seed as the farmer expects to plant. There is little danger of getting too much seed corn. Any surplus, if the seed is good, can usually be sold at a fair price.

When to Select.

One of the main reasons why see corn should be selected early is to be reasonably sure it will grow the following year when planted. Early selected seed corn is the corn that usually gives the best stand. Without a good stand it is impossible to get a maximum yield, and it costs no more to raise a field of corn with a perfect stand than it does to raise a field with a 60 to 70 per cent stand. Every good kernel of seed corn has in it a live, though very small, corn plant. The plant is tender and easily injured, unless kept under favorable conditions. Seed corn that is not thoroughly dry before cold weather will freeze. The freezing of the kernel causes it to expand, thus injuring the germ, or little plant, lowering its vitality, and often desiroying it, so the kernel will not germinate. It is well, if possible, to have every ear of seed corn selected before a killing frost, which will mean about the first of October. Seed corn, husked and stored properly about the middle of September, will be reasonably sure of becoming thoroughly dry before cold weather.

How to Select.

In case one has no "special seed plot," in which his best and earliest maturing ears were planted, it is then necessary that his seed corn be selected from the field. The most practical method to do this is to go through the field with a sack tied across one's shoulder and select the choicest and best-matured ears. Two rows of corn may easily be examined at once. During the process of selection, consideration of the strength and character of the stalk, the height of the ear from the ground, and the size of the shank, should be noted. A tall stalk does not necessarily have to be large to be a big producer. A tall spindling plant lodges very easily. The stalk should be of good size and strong at the base gradually tapering, and not necessarily tall. Strong, vigorous stalks of medium height, usually produce the best and earliest-matured ears. The ear should be attached to the stalk by a medium-sized shank, which is long enough to allow the tip of the ear to hang down.

All ears in a cornfield will not mature at the same time. A variation of 12 days in maturing of ears in a field is not uncommon. One of the reasons why a good selection of corn cannot be made from the shock, or from the field late in the fall is that one is not able to tell the time the ear matured.

Desirable ears may mature 10 or 15 days later than the average freezing time; and, if those are selected, they will insure a late-maturing crop. Again, if corn is left unhusked until late, the husks prevent the ear from drying out properly; and, as a consequence, it is likely to be frozen before it is husked, or at least before it has had time to dry out after husking.

What to Select.

Every one recognizes the value of using an ideal pure-bred sire, in breeding up his herd or flock. The better bred a herd or flock becomes, the more money it yields to its owner. These recognized facts, concerning the breeding of stock, are just as true concerning farm crops; and when practiced will often yield better returns. Surely there are few farm crops which may be improved so economically and so quickly as corn.

Many have the idea that to start in right and grow good corn, they must send elsewhere and get some new fancy kind of seed. Those who do this are usually disappointed with their first crop or two. It takes some time for corn to become adapted to a change in climatic and soil conditions. For that reason, it is usually best to secure a variety of corn that has been successfully grown in the locality for a period of years.

Smoke of Herbs Cures Catarrh

A Simple, Safe, Reliable Way and It Costs Nothing to Try.

This preparation of herbs, leaves, flowers and berries (containing no tobacco or habit-forming drugs) is either smoked in an ordinary clean pipe or smoking tube, and by drawing the medicated smoke into the mouth and inhaling into the lungs or sending it out through the nostrils in a perfectly natural way, the worst case of catarrh can be eradicated.

It is not unpleasant to use, and at the same time it is entirely harmless, and can be used by man, woman or child.

Just as Catarrh is contracted by breathing cold or dust and germ-laden air, just so this balmy antiseptic smoking remedy goes to all the affected parts of the air passages of the head, nose, throat and lungs. It can readily be seen why the ordinary treatments, such as sprays, ointments, salves, liquid or tablet medicines fail—they do not and cannot reach all the affected parts.

If you have catarrh of the nose, throat or lungs, choking, stopped-up feeling, colds, catarrhal headaches; if you are given to hawking and spitting, this simple yet scientific treatment should cure you.

An illustrated book which goes thoroughly into the whole question of the cause, cure and prevention of catarrh will, upon request, be sent you by Dr. J. W. Blosser, 254 Walton street, Atlanta, Ga.

He will also, mail you five days' free treatment. You will at once see that it is a wonderful remedy, and as it only costs one dollar for the regular treatment, it is within the reach of everyone. It is not necessary to send any money—simply send your name and address and the booklet and free trial package will be mailed you immediately.

GOV. HARMON IS GOOD SHOT

Scores 45 Out of 50 Bullseyes With Revolver.

Port Clinton, Sept. 19—State regimental championship matches opened on the 200 and 600-yard ranges, slow fire, Wednesday, with the Fifth infantry team in first place with a total score of 928 out of a possible 1,000. First infantry, Cincinnati, holds second, with 918; Fourth infantry, Columbus, scored 907; Seventh infantry, Marietta, 887; Engineers' corps, Cleveland, 859; Second infantry, Lima, 777; Sixth infantry, Toledo, 766; Third infantry, Dayton, 742; Eigth infantry, Bucyrus, 691; Ninth battalion, Cleveland, 581. Firing on 200-yard range was standing, on the 600-yard range prone.

Governor Harmon scored 45 out of a possible 50 on the 75-yard revolver range.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Sept. 24.	Sept. 23.
Wheat—				Close—	
Cash	1.05⅞			1.06½	1.06
Sept.	1.05⅞			1.06½	1.06
Dec.	1.08⅜	1.09		1.09	1.08⅜
May	1.12⅝			1.13	1.12⅝
Corn—					
Cash				75½	75
Sept.	77		75	75½	75
Dec.	54⅞			55⅜	55⅛
May	54⅛			55	54⅛
Oats—					
Cash				37⅜	37⅜
Sept.	37½			37⅜	37⅜
Dec.	35			35⅜	35⅜
May	37			37⅛	37
Clover Seed—					
Cash				12.40	12.00
Oct.	12.05		12.00	12.40	12.00
Dec.	11.05			11.50	11.05
March	11.00			11.30	11.03
Rye—					
No. 2				70½	70½
Alsike—					
Prime				12.50	12.50
Sept.				12.50	12.50
March				12.50	12.50
Timothy—					
Prime				2.20	2.20
Sept.				2.20	2.20
Oct.				2.10	
Dec.				2.12½	
March				2.20	

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	90	90¼	89⅞	90¼	89¼
Dec.	91¼		91	91½	91¼
May	95⅜			96⅛	95⅞
Corn—					
Sept.	72	72⅝	71⅜	72⅝	72
Dec.	53¼		53	53⅝	53
May	52⅝			53⅜	52⅝
Oats—					
Sept.	34⅝			34½	34½
Dec.	32⅞		32¼	32½	32¼
May	34⅝			34½	34½

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.	91⅛			91½	91⅛
Dec.	91⅞			92	91⅞

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
Sept.				87⅝	87⅝
Dec.				90¼	89⅝

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
Sept.				90⅛	89½
Dec.				89⅝	89½

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
Sept.	16.55			16.55	16.55
Oct.	16.55	16.62		16.57	16.52
Jan.	18.30	18.25		18.22	18.12
Lard—					
Oct.	11.05	11.10		11.07	11.05
Jan.	10.55	10.60		10.55	10.52
May	10.15			10.20	10.15
Ribs—					
Oct.	10.65			10.67	10.62
Jan.	9.77			9.82	9.77
May				9.67	9.62

Money and Stocks.

New York, Sept. 24.—(Wall Street.)—The tendency of the stock market at the opening today was downwards, although recessions did not go beyond fractions. Some weakness was shown by Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Reading, St. Paul and American Sugar. Coppers moved irregularly.

Pool operations were effecti e in lifting some of the low-priced steel and Copper stocks substantially. Elsewhere the early heaviness was gradually overcome.

Further profit taking and more determined opposition on the part of the short interest combined to give the market an irregular undertone during today's early session. Trading was again fairly large, approximating 200,000 shares in the first hour, but much of the business was transacted as price concessions. Reading, which was again under pressure, was the only leading issue to vary a full point, but Union Pacific yielded a substantial fraction. Steel preferred, Colorado Fuel and a few specialties rose 1 to 2 points. Anaconda fell abruptly on rumors connected with today's dividend meeting. Call money went to 5 per cent before noon.

New York, Sept. 24, 1912.

Stocks.	Open.	High	Low	Close p.m.
Atl. Coast Line	143½	144½	143½	144⅝
Am. Loco. com	46¾	46⅝	45½	46
Am. Sg. Rfg. Co.	127	127⅜	127	127⅜
Atchison	109½	109½	109½	109½
Am. Car & F. Co.	62	62½	62⅛	63⅛
Anaconda	47	47¾	46⅞	47⅝
Amal. Copper	99	99⅛	89⅜	89⅜
Am. Smelters	87⅞	87⅞	87½	87¼
Am. Tel. & Tel.	143⅝	144⅞	143½	143⅝
Am. Beet Sugar	75	75½	75	75⅜
Biscuit com.	128	128	128	128
Balt. & Ohio	109	109	108⅜	108⅝
B'lyn R. Trans.	91½	91⅝	91¼	91½
Cast I. Pipe com.	21	21	21	21
Cast I. Pipe pfd.	62¼	62¼	62¼	62¼
Beth. Steel com.	44¼	45¾	44⅜	45⅛
Chicago & G. W.	17⅞	17⅞	17⅞	17⅞
Chicago G. W. pfd.	32⅜	34	32⅜	34
Canadian Pac.	267⅞	277½	276¾	277½
Colorado Fuel	38⅝	40⅛	38⅝	39⅝
Chic. & Ohio	81½	81½	81½	81½
Consolidated Gas	146⅜	147¼	146⅜	147¼
Can common	44⅛	44⅝	44⅛	44⅝
Can pfd.	124	124⅝	124	124⅝
Chino Copper	44	44	43¾	44
Consol Product com.	16	16⅝	15¾	16⅛
Distillers Sec.	34½	35⅝	34½	34⅝
Erie com.	37⅝	37½	37⅛	37⅜
Erie 1st pfd.	54⅝	55	54⅝	54⅝
Erie 2nd pfd.	45	45½	45	45½
Gt. Northern pfd.	141⅞	142¼	141⅝	142⅜
Gt. Northern Ore.	47	49	47	48⅜
Ill. Central	131	131	130½	130⅝
Int. Harvester com.	125	125½	124½	125½
Interborough com.	20⅜	20⅝	20⅛	20⅜
Interborough pfd.	61⅞	61¾	60¾	60¾
N. C. Sm. com.	29¼	29½	29¼	29¼
Lehigh Valley	172	172½	171⅜	172
Louis & Nash	163¾	164½	163⅜	164
Mex. Marine pfd.	26⅞	26⅞	26⅜	26⅝
M. N. P.	31¼	31¼	31	31
Missouri Pacific	42⅝	43	42⅝	42⅞
M. K. & T. com.	30⅝	31½	30⅝	31
Miami	29⅝	29⅝	29⅜	29⅜
Nor. Pacific	129⅜	129⅝	129⅜	129⅝
Nevada Con's	22¾	22¾	22½	22¾
Northwestern	141⅞	142⅝	141⅞	142⅝
North Am. Co.	85⅜	85⅜	85⅜	85⅜
N. Y. Central	116	116⅜	116	116⅜
N. & W. com.	117⅜	117⅞	117⅜	117⅞
N. & W. Con. 4's	117⅜	117⅜	117⅜	117⅜
Pr. Steel Car Co. com	40	40⅜	39⅝	39⅝
Penn. Ry.	124⅝	124⅝	124⅝	124⅝
People's Gas Co.	117⅜	117⅜	117⅜	117⅜
Ray Con's	23⅜	23⅝	23⅜	23⅝
Reading com	173⅛	173⅝	172⅝	173⅜
Rock Island	28½	28¾	27⅞	27⅞
Rock Island pfd.	53⅜	54	53½	54
Rep. I. and S. Co.	30½	31⅜	30⅜	31⅜
Rep. pfd.	91⅜	92	91⅜	92
Ry. Steel Springs	40⅝	40⅝	40¼	41½
South. Ry.	31⅜	31⅝	31⅜	31⅝
South. Ry. pfd.	85⅝	85⅝	85½	85½
St. Paul	108⅞	108⅞	108½	108½
South. Pacific	112⅝	112⅝	112	112
So. Pac. Con. 4's	99⅜	99⅜	98⅝	99⅜
Sloss Sheff. com	58⅞	59	58½	58½
Toledo Ry. & Lt.	5⅜	5⅜	5⅜	5⅜
Texas Oil Co.	126⅜	126⅜	126½	126½
Texas Pacific	25⅜	25⅝	25½	25⅝
Tenn. Copper	46¼	47¼	46¼	46⅝
Union Pacific	173	173⅝	172⅝	173
Union Pacific pfd.	89½	89⅝	89½	89¾
Un. Pac. Con. 4's	103⅛	103⅝	103½	103⅝
U. S. Steel	76⅞	77¼	76⅝	76⅞
U. S. Steel pfd.	114⅜	115⅜	114⅜	115
U. S. Rubber	102	102	102	102
U. S. Rubber com.	54	54½	54	54
Utah Copper	65⅞	66⅜	65⅜	66⅛
Virginia Chem.	46⅜	46⅜	46⅛	46⅜
Western Md.	56½	56½	56⅛	56⅛
Western Union	82	82	81⅞	81⅞
Westinghouse	85½	85½	85⅝	85⅝

Toledo Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, Sept. 24.—Hog receipts were fair and the market ruled weak to 5c lower. Quality was poor. Local packers led buying. Close weak.

Hogs—Selected heavy, $8.70@8.75; good mediums, $8.70@8.75; heavy yorkers, $8.80@8.85; light yorkers, $7.75@8.00; good mixed, $8.75@8.80; bulk of sales, $8.80; good pigs, $7.25@7.50; stags and roughs, $6.00@7.35.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $5.00@6.25; god to choice, $8.00@8.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200, $7.50@8.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100, $5.50@6.50; common to light steers, $4.50@5.00; choice fat cows, $4.50@6.00; fair to good cows, $4.25@4.50; common cows, $3.00@3.50; canners and cutters, $2.00@3.25; prime export bulls, $4.50@5.25; good butcher bulls, $4.50@5.00; fair to good bolognas, $4.00@4.50; common, $3.50@4.00; choice to fat heifers, $4.00@4.50; fair to good heifers, $5.50@6.00; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers, good to choice, $4.00@4.50; stockers, common to fair, $3.00@4.00; milkers and springers, $25@68.

Veal Calves—Choice to extra, $11.00@11.25; fair to good, $10.00@11.00; common to light, $8.00@9.50; heavy and fed, $6.00@7.00.

Sheep and Lambs.—Prime wethers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice mixed, $3.00@3.50; fair to good, $2.25@3.00; culls and common, $1.75@2.50; yearlings, $3.50@5.00; lambs, $7.00.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, Sept. 24.—Cattle—Receipts, 6,500; market slow; beeves, $5.80@11.00; Texas steers, $4.60@6.35; western steers, $6.00@9.20; stockers and feeders, $4.40@7.70; cows and heifers, $2.90@8.00; calves, $8.00@11.00. Hogs—Receipts, 12,000; market slow and steady; light, $8.25@8.85; mixed, $8.10@8.32½; heavy, $7.90@8.75; rough, $7.90@8.10; pigs, $5.00@8.00; bulk of sales, $2.85@8.75. Sheep—Receipts, 38,000; market steady; native, $3.55@4.50; western, $3.70@4.50; yearlings, $4.50@5.50; lambs, native, $4.75@7.15; western, $4.85@7.35.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, Sept. 24.—Cattle—Receipts, 100; market steady. Veal calves—Receipts, 280; market steady. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,000; market strong; choice spring lambs, $7.25@7.40. Hogs—Receipts, 1,200; market 50@10c lower; extreme heavies, $8.50; mediums, $8.70; Yorkers, $8.70@8.80; light Yorkers, $8.70; pigs, $7.75; roughs, $7.40; stags, $6.75.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, Sept. 24.—Cattle—Receipts, none. Hogs—Receipts, 3,500; heavies, $8.90; heavy Yorkers, $8.85; light Yorkers, $8.55; pigs, $7.50. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,500; top sheep, $4.65; top lambs, $7.40. Calves—Receipts, 200; top, $11.00.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, Sept. 24.—Cattle—Receipts, 700; slow, steady to easy. Veals—Receipts, 100; active and firm; $4.00@11.00; a few, $11.25. Hogs—Receipts, 4,000; slow and steady; heavy and mixed, $9.00@9.05; Yorkers, $8.00@9.00; pigs, $7.85@8.00; roughs, $7.25@7.35; stags, $5.00@6.75; dairies, $8.50@8.90. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,400; active, steady and unchanged.

Toledo Produce.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 30½@31c; solid pack, 30@30½c.

Process Butter—Per 20 lb. tubs, 24c; rolls and prints, 25c; dairy, prime, 23c; packing stock, 10c; oleo, 17@21c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 16@17c; New York state, 17c; brick, 17c; limburger, 17@18c; Swiss, domestic, 22c; imported, 32c.

Eggs—Candled, fresh, 26c; extra fancy, 28c; current receipts, 25c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 11½@12c; heavy and rough, 9½@10c; calves, 14½@15c.

Chickens, live, 14c; broilers, 17c.

Lard—11½c.

Yearling lambs, 10@11c; sheep, 5@7c; spring lambs, 12c.

Steer Beef—Good, 12@13c; light, 8c and up; cow beef, 7@9c.

Heifers—7@10c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, Sept. 24.—Butter, firm; creameries, 24½@28½c; dairies, 22½@24½c. Eggs, steady; receipts 7,993 cases; at mark, cases included 18@19c; ordinary firsts, 20c; firsts, 22c. Cheese, steady; Americas, 15¾@16c; Twins, 15@15¼c; Young Americas, 15¾@16c; Long Horns, 15¾@16c. Potatoes, steady; receipts 75 cars; Mich., 55@58c; Minn., 50@55c; Wis., 50@58c. Poultry, alive, steady; turkeys, 14c; chickens, 13c; springs, 14c. Veal, steady; 9@14c.

New York Produce.

New York, Sept. 24.—Flour steady and unchanged. Wheat—An advance of ¾c in wheat this morning was explained by bad weather in the northwest and a little local covering; December, 99½@99¾c. Corn steady. Beef steady. Lard steady. Raw sugar steady; Muscovado, 89 test, 3.88c; centrifugal, 96 test, 4.39c; molasses, 89 test, 3.55c; refined steady. Petroleum steady. Molasses steady. Hay quiet. Hides firm; Bogota, 27¾c; Central America, 27c. Leather firm.

Butter, firm; receipts, 11,377 tubs; creamery, extras, 29¾@30c. Cheese, firm and unchanged; receipts, 3,134 boxes. Eggs, steady; receipts, 14,360 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery browns, 32@35c. Dressed poultry, steady; fresh killed western chickens, 14@24c; fowls, 15@17½c; turkeys, 16@17c.

Car seals are not in use on British railroads, as in the United States. The usual custom is to bolt and lock the doors. In the case of very valuable freight or bullion additional protection is afforded by one or more offi-

Boys' Wonderful Air Rifle FREE

HERE IS THE BEST CHANCE you ever saw to get a fine Sterling Air Rifle Free. This is not a toy, but a firmly constructed, strong, durable and compact shooting piece. Shoots accurately and with force. 32 inches long. Working parts of high-grade steel, stock of finely polished walnut. Full supply of shot free. Just the thing for target practice or shooting small game. You can have loads of fun with it. It is just what you have always wanted, and the beauty of this offer is that you can get it free, without costing even one cent of your own money. Send No Money, just your name and we will send you 8 of our fast selling art pictures to distribute on a special 25c offer. Everybody will take one to help you win this fine premium. Send us the $2.00 you collect and for your trouble we will send you free this fine Repeating Air Rifle, just as described. It costs you nothing to try, as we take back pictures you cannot dispose of. Send no money. M. O. SEITZ, 3 D 52, 337 West Madison St., CHICAGO.

MRS. M. SUMMERS' ABSORBINE PILE REMEDY QUICKLY RELIEVES PAIN

heals and restores the congested tissues to a natural condition.

Price $1.00—24 treatments.

Better pay $1.00 for the best treatment, pharmaceutically and therapeutically, and gain the results desired, than any number of 50c packages of inferior preparations.

The best goods of any kind cost more in the beginning, but are far cheaper in the end.

This is no C. O. D. scheme.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.

VANDERHOOF & CO.,
Dept. PS, South Bend, Ind.:
Send me a free trial package of Mrs. Summers' Absorbent Pile Remedy, also references, by mail, in plain wrapper.

Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

DIABETES

A SIMPLE HERB QUICKLY CURES THIS DREAD DISEASE TO STAY CURED

Diabetes has heretofore been considered incurable, and the only hope held out to the afflicted has been to prolong their years by strict dieting.

A plant recently discovered in Mexico, called Diabetol Herb, has been found to be a specific in the treatment of diabetes, quickly reducing the specific gravity and sugar, restoring vigor and building up the system.

This harmless vegetable remedy will relieve the patient of his worst symptoms, in the most aggravated cases, within a week, and to prove it we will mail the first 50c package for 25c, with free booklet of special value to the diabetic, containing latest diet list and exclusive table of food values, giving percentage of starch and sugar (carbohydrates) in 250 different foods.

Tell your afflicted friends of this offer and send 25c today for a full-sized 50c package. JAMES CHEMICAL CO., Box 1593, Whitney Point, N. Y.

USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR IT

Swollen, Varicose Veins, Bad Legs, Goitre, Wen, Gout and Rheumatic Deposits, Sprains and Bruises respond quickly to the action of ABSORBINE, JR. A safe, healing, soothing, antiseptic liniment that penetrates to the seat of trouble assisting nature to make permanent recovery. Allays pain and inflammation. Mild and pleasant to use—quickly absorbed into tissues. Successful in other cases, why not in yours? ABSORBINE, JR., $1 and $2 per bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 1 G Free. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

OFFICIAL VOTE SHOWS LOSS OF EIGHT PROPOSED AMENDMENTS

Columbus, Sept. 13.—These are official figures from the entire state on the 42 proposals to amend the Ohio constitution, submitted to the voters September 3.

	Yes.	No.
1—Reform civil jury system	334,092	203,933
2—Abolition of capital punishment	258,506	308,246
3—Depositions by state	291,777	227,547
4—Suits against state	360,764	216,634
5—Damage wrongful death	355,555	195,216
6—Initiative and referendum	312,592	231,312
7—Investigations each house	348,779	175,337
8—Limiting governor's veto	282,412	254,186
9—Builders' and mechanics' lien	278,582	242,385
10—Welfare of employes	353,588	189,723
11—Workmen's compensation	321,558	241,772
12—Conservation natural resources	318,192	191,893
13—Eight-hour day on public works	333,307	232,898
14—Removal of officials	347,338	185,966
15—Regulating expert testimony	336,987	185,458
16—Registering land titles	346,373	171,806
17—Abolishing prison contract labor	333,034	215,208
18—Limiting extra sessions	319,100	192,130
19—Reform judiciary	264,882	244,375
20—Common pleas judge each county	301,891	223,287
21—Abolition justices, cities	264,832	252,926
22—Contempt proceedings	240,596	257,302
23—Woman's suff e	249,420	236,875
24—Omitting word white	242,735	265,723
25—Use of voting machines	242,342	288,652
26—Primary elections	349,801	183,112
27—Home rule for school boards	298,460	213,347
28—Change in school commissioner's office	256,615	251,946
29—Fifty million bonds good roads	272,564	274,502
30—Regulating insurance	321,388	196,628
31—Abolishing board public works	296,635	214,829
32—Taxation of bonds, etc	268,939	249,964
33—Regulation of corporations	300,466	212,704
34—Double liability	377,272	156,688
35—Regulating state printing	319,612	192,388
36—Eligibility of women	261,806	284,370
37—Civil service	306,777	204,580
38—Outdoor advertising	261,351	262,440
39—Method of submitting amendments	271,927	246,687
40—Home rule for cities	301,861	215,120
41—Schedule	275,062	213,979
License	273,361	188,825

Eight amendments in all were defeated. They are: Equal suffrage, good roads, outdoor advertising, labor injunctions, anti-death penalty, voting machines, eligibility of women, eliminating "white."

In the neighborhood of one-half of the voters of the state took part in the election on constitutional amendments. It is estimated that there are approximately 1,250,000 voters in the state, and something like 600,000 participated in the election.

The equal suffrage amendment brought out the largest vote. The total vote for and against on this proposition was a little more than 586,295. Suffrage carried in but 19 counties. Those counties were Ashtabula, Athens, Belmont, Carroll, Columbiana, Fulton, Geauga, Guernsey, Jefferson, Lucas, Medina, Meigs, Morgan, Morrow, Portage, Trumbull, Summit, Williams and Wood.

The license proposal lost in 34 counties. Forty-eight counties voted against good roads. The anti-injunction amendment was the only one favored by labor which failed. The other labor proposals carried by large majorities.

FLIES RAISE MILK PRICES

Sharon, Penn., Sept. 21.—The price of milk is rising in this part of the state because of the plague of flies which is seriously affecting the yield of milk.

"I never saw the flies so thick as this year, and the cows are so pervous that we can scarcely do a thing with them," said a dairyman. "Many reasons are given for the scarcity of milk, but the real reason is the flies."

Daily Life of Czar.

London Globe.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg published in a Paris newspaper professes to give an account of the daily movements of the czar of all the Russias. His majesty rises at 8:30. He breakfasts heartily and then works uninterruptedly until 1 o'clock, running through the newspapers annotated by his ministers. At 1 o'clock lunch is taken with the family, after which the czar takes a walk with his son. From 4 to 6 o'clock his majesty is again in his study.

At 6 p. m. the czar dines, the meal occupying about two hurs. The czar, it is stated, eats well and the table is always abundantly supplied. At 10 o'clock we again find the czar in his study. It is then that the chief of police has his audience with his majesty, who retires to rest at midnight. His nervousness is somewhat abated, but still, says the writer of the dispatch, the czar sleeps badly. At the time when the terrorists were asserting themselves his majesty had to resort to "sporifiques." The dispatch adds that the czar's rest is less peaceful than

HUGE JUMP IN PRICES OF FOOD

Reports From Many States Show Gain of 50 Per Cent in Decade.

WHERE FOOD PRICES HAVE BEEN GOING

This was the showing made for the food prices in the last year, according to the report on the foods investigated:

Decrease in price:

	Per Ct.
Smoked Bacon	.1

Increase in price:

	Per ct.		Per Ct.
Smoked ham	2.7	Strictly fresh eggs	11.8
Hens	3.8	Cornmeal	12.7
Gran. sugar	6.0	Cream. butter	15.3
Potatoes	7.6	Sirloin steak	17.1
Wheat flour	10.7	Rib roast	17.5
Pork chops	11.2	Round steak	18.6
Pure lard	11.5		

The advance during the decade, comparing the price June 15 last with the average for the 10 years, was as follows:

	Per Ct.		Per ct.
Gran. sugar	8.5	Sirloin steak	59.3
Strictly fresh eggs	26.1	Smoked hams	61.3
Fresh milk	32.9	Cornmeal	63.7
Cream. butter	33.3	Rib roast	63.8
Wheat flour	39.3	Round steak	84.0
Pure lard	55.3	Pork chops	86.0
Hens	58.1	Smoked bacon	96.7
		Irish potatoes	111.9

Washington, Sept. 23. — Reports from 32 states on the prices of food, just made public by the federal bureau of labor, show a sensational increase in the cost of living.

Fifteen of the most important articles of food, as well as coal, were investigated in many large cities.

On June 15, 1912, the report shows 14 of the 15 articles of food were higher than a year before, and 10 had advanced in the past 10 years more than 50 per cent over the average retail prices for the 10-year period, 1890-1899.

During the last decade prices of potatoes changed most and sugar the least. Their advances were 111.9 and 8.5 per cent respectively. During the last year bacon, which decreased just one-tenth of 1 per cent, was the only one of the 15 principal articles of food that showed a decline in price, while 9 of the 15 advanced more than 10 per cent, varying grom 2.4 per cent for milk, to 18.6 for round steak. Of the 15 only eggs, butter, milk and sugar were lower, but the price of 3 of these 4 is normally lower during summers than during winters.

What Merchants Say.

Specimens of the statements of merchants in various cities, published in the report, follow.

New York—"Meats in general are so high that if prices continue much longer will be obliged to close up business."

Chicago—"Jobbing price on flour has advanced 80 cents per barrel."

Baltimore—"If the present high prices prevail much longer in the wholesale market, I do not know what will become of the retail dealers."

Boston—"Cheap sirloins are so high and poor that I am not cutting any at present. Both grades of cattle have gone up and the above prices just about let me out without profit."

New Haven—"Beginning this week we will advance two cents a pound on all meats, as we are paying the highest price for beef and lambs in my time. I cannot say the reason; the jobber blames the farmer; the farmer blames the high price of corn."

Philadelphia—"No money in meats at the above prices."

Everything at the Top.

Salt Lake City—"Everything seems to be at the top, but nothing shows any decline."

Remarks of merchants accompanying the price reports for May 15 told the same story. These are examples:

Boston—"Probably this is the last month we will be in the provision business. The high prices of meats are driving us out. We have been in business 15 years, but must get out before we are put out."

Fall River—"The high prices of meats have cut our meat business almost in two. The cheaper cuts, which we ordinarily sell for 6 to 10 cents a pound, now we have to get 10 to 14 cents for."

Atlanta—"The wholesale cost of fresh meats, flour and butter has advanced, but we still are holding at old prices."

Indianapolis—"Owing to the high price of feed the milk supply this month is the lowest for May on record."

Milwaukee—"We were compelled to raise our price of beef because of the raise in the wholesale price."

Los Angeles—"The decline of price on potatoes is due to speculators losing their grip on the market."

Memphis—"I have paid more for meats this year that I ever paid since I have been in business."

Cincinnati—"The recent floods have sent cattle to market before their maturity, and grain, being the highest in years, has had a tendency to give us the highest meat we have handled in years. May 15 we paid 8 1-4c a pound for steer cattle; ten years ago, 5 1-4c."

Pittsburg—"Good beef is scarce and high and is the cause of driving other meat up. Long, severe winter and high price of grain supposed to be reason."

Portland—"Raise of prices for beef and pork is due to shortage of stock."

This was the showing made for the food prices in the last year, according to the report, on the foods investigated:

Decrease in prices Smoked bacon, 1 per cent.

Increase in price: Fresh milk, 2.4; smoked ham, 2.7; hens, 3.8; granulated sugar, 6; Irish potatoes, 7.6; wheat flour, 10.7; pork chops, 11.2; pure lard, 1.3; strictly fresh eggs, 11.8; corn meal, 12.7; creamery butter, 15.3; sirloin steak, 17.1; rib roast, 17.5; round steak, 18.6.

The advance during the decade, comparing the price June 15 last with the average for the ten years, was as follows:

Granulated sugar, 8.5 per cent; strictly fresh eggs, 26.1; fresh milk, 32.9; creamery butter, 33.3; wheat flour, 39.3; pure lard, 55.3; hens, 58.1; sirloin steak, 59.5; smoked hams, 61.3; corn meal, 63.7; rib roast, 63.8; round steak, 84; pork chops, 86; smoked bacon, 96.7; Irish potatoes, 111.9.

Coal Also Advances.

The price of coal on April 15, as compared with a year before, was higher for Pennsylvania anthracite, stove size, in 25 out of 29 cities from which reports were secured and there was no change of price in the remaining four cities. During the same period, Pennsylvania anthracite, chestnut size, advanced in 25 out of 27 cities; and bituminous advanced in 17 out of 32 cities, the price remained unchanged in 12 cities and declined in three cities.

In the North Atlantic states Pennsylvania white ash coal, stove size, was 11.3 per cent higher on April 15, 1912, than a year before. Pennsylvania anthracite white ash, chestnut size, 11.9 higher, and bituminous 11 per cent higher.

In the western states the prices were unchanged.

WRITERS BOOST BULL MOOSE

Popular Authors Will Give Their Services Free.

New York, Sept. 21.—Announcement was made at National Progressive party headquarters that a score of well known novelists, playwrights and magazine writers had been enlisted to contribute gratis stories and articles for the advancement of the Progressive cause.

Will Irwin, a magazine writer who heads the scheme, will act as a sort of central editor of the syndicate, whose writers, it is declared, will include Richard Harding Davis, Jesse Lynch Williams, C. H. Connolly, C. H. McFarlane, Frederick Palmer, Bert Leston Taylor, Louis Evan Shipman, Dr. Woods Hutchinson, William Allen White, Judson C. Welliver, Samuel Merwin, F. P. Adams and Walter Weyl.

REBEL SAYS HE'LL KILL AMERICANS

Zapata Tells Why He Has a Revolution—Issues a Warning.

THE THREAT OF ZAPATA.

"If intervention comes, I will kill every American in Mexico. Then I will enter Mexico, but it will be to join the federal army to fight the northern invader." — Zapata, rebel leader in Mexico.

New York, Sept. 18.—Emiliano Zapata, the rebel chieftan who is threatening to attack Mexico City, gives his reasons for his uprising against President Madero in a statement forwarded to the Herald from his camp at Yautepec, Morelos. He said:

"So that the people of the United States may know why the revolution is going on against Madero in southern Mexico, I make this statement.

"I charge Madero with making promises to reduce the people to follow him against Diaz. He has kept none of these promises. I charge him with promising to increase the taxes on large estates so that the owners would have to cut them up and thus give the poor man a chance to buy a little farm. He has not kept this promise.

"I charge Madero with ignoring the men who helped him win and with putting into places of trust at large salaries 73 of his relatives.

"I demand that Madero resign the presidency; that he and his family leave the republic forever. The government must not give them a cent on which to go, for the Madero family has had enough of the government money.

"I do not want the presidency, but I do demand an honest election at which I will agree not to be a candidate. Immediately on the election the laws must be revised from top to bottom so as to give the poor man a chance.

"I have 18,000 men under arms in 18 states of Mexico, while Pascual Orozco, with whom I have no connection, has control of two states, making 20 states under arms. If I am victorious I shall drive Orozco from the country."

Accompany the statement is the declaration regarding the rumors of pending intervention by the United States in Mexico, and Zapata's attitude toward Americans.

PRINCES IN SUFFRAGE JOKE

Queen Mary Furious When Children Were Found to Be Culprits.

London, Sept. 20.—And now royalty has begun perpetrating suffragette outrages. It became known today that the king's sons, Princes Albert and Henry, are the miscreants.

The incident happened just after someone looted the red flags from the golf course at Balmoral, and left purple "votes for women" flags. That was bad enough, but it was much worse when similar posters were found, a day or two later, pasted on the door of the room of the lord of the admiralty, Winston Churchill, who was visiting at Balmoral Castle at the time.

Likewise there were other posters on all the motor cars in the royal garage. The queen was furious. She suspected the servants and started a rigid investigation. It took a week of hard sleuthing to run down the real culprits—the two young princes. They did not really sympathize with the suffrage movement, they said, when discovered. They only did it for fun and begged to be forgiven.

As there was nothing else to be done, the royal clemency was finally extended. The queen compelled both princes to apologize in person to Churchill, however.

TRIED TO KISS WHILE DRIVING AUTO; ONE KILLED

Hartford, Conn., Sept. 21.—An attempt by Howard P. Halsey, a wealthy business man, to kiss Miss Anna Carelli, who was killed in the wreck of his automobile on August 14, was responsible for her death, according to testimony given by the girl's sister at a hearing before the secretary of state. She said that he lost control of his steering wheel when her sister resisted. He testified that his actions were "highly proper," and that the accident was unavoidable.

115 DROWN AS BOATS COLLIDE

Paris, Sept. 23.—One hundred and fifteen persons were drowned today on the northern Dvina river, near Archangel, as a result of a collision between two steamers, according to a dispatch from St. Petersburg to the Information news agency.

The steamer Obnevka, with 150 passengers on board, was proceeding along the river when she collided with another steamer moving in the opposite direction. The Obnovka filled rapidly and sank in a few minutes, only 35 of those on board being saved.

ENGLAND TO HAVE AIR FLEET

War Office Decides to Build a Number of Flying Fighters.

London, Sept. 23.—England is to have a mighty air fleet as a result of the recent maneuvers in East Anglia. Plans under way will put this new arm of the service on a par with that of the other great powers.

This fleet will consist of two types of machines, one armed with quick firing guns for engaging and destroying the enemy's aeroplanes and the other designed for scouting. Exhaustive tests of gun carrying war plans will be made by the royal flying corps.

The crafts to be fitted with guns will be the most powerful of their kind ever built, capable of carrying three passengers and of traveling 80 miles an hour.

HAS LOVE QUARREL AT 83

Aged Man Tries Suicide After Spat With Sweetheart.

Shamokin, Penn., Sept. 21.—As the sequel to a love tiff, William Broscious, 83 years old, shot himself over the heart at Elysburg today. The attempted suicide followed a quarrel with Mrs. Elizabeth Ott-Fetterman, many years younger, whom Broscious had been courting for some time, and who is seeking a divorce from her husband.

Mrs. Ott-Fetterman was at the home of Broscious just before he shot himself. She broke away suddenly in an argument and left him.

Broscious was found by farmhands and brought to the State Hospital here, where he is not expected to recover.

FLYING KILLS TWO OFFICERS

Third Double Fatality in Army in a Month.

Freiburg, Saxony, Sept. 21.—Two German military officers were killed while flying near here today. This makes the third double fatality in Europe within the present month in which members of army flying corps were the victims.

The machine, which was of the monoplane type, was being piloted by Lieutenant Berger, who was carrying Lieutenant Junghans as a passenger, in a flight from Chemnitz to Berlin. When passing over this city the machine suddenly plunged from a high elevation to the ground. The airmen were instantly killed and the monoplane was smashed to bits. The cause of the accident is not explained.

NATIONAL BUDGET URGED BY TAFT

Declares Defeat of Plan by Congress to Be a Mistake.

Beverly, Mass., Sept. 20.—President Taft last night made public a letter to Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh taking issue with congress on the question of a federal budget and directing all heads of government departments or independent officers of the government to make their estimates of revenue and expenditures for the fiscal year in conformity with the budget plan.

The President's letter to MacVeagh declares that the prohibition in one of the big supply bills passed by congress in the closing hours of the last session, practically forbidding the use of a budget system, is unconstitutional. He said that no other great nation in the world is without a budget system. His letter reads in part as follows:

President Is Limited.

"If the President is to assume responsibility for either the manner in which business of the government is transacted or results obtained it is evident that he cannot be limited by congress to such information as that branch may think sufficient for his purposes. In my opinion, it is entirely competent for the President to submit to congress and to the country a statement of resources, obligations, revenues, expenditures and estimates in the form he deems advisable. And this power I propose to exercise.

"The United States is the only great country that does not have a budget. Even in its own organization congress has failed to make provision for considering expenditures and estimates for appropriations in relation to revenues.

Authority is granted for the expenditure of a thousand million dollars each year without any thought as to where the money is coming from.

Asks for Co-operation.

"I have gone thus at length in stating my position in order that you may understand the reasons for urging that you co-operate with the commission on economy and efficiency in the preparation of such financial statements and summaries as will enable me to place before congress and the country for the first time in our history a clearly stated and understandable, businesslike proposal which will enable congress and the country to think in terms of what it is that the government is doing, what it is that the administration proposes to do.

PREDICTS A BUSINESS BOOM

Corey Sees Era of Prosperity for United States.

New York, Sept. 20.—It is the opinion of William E. Corey, who left New York Thursday for a hunting trip of four weeks in the Rocky Mountains, that the country may look forward to a long period of prosperity. He is optimistic on general business conditions and especially so in steel and copper.

"Prosperity," said Mr. Corey, "is in evidence, not only in this country, but in Germany and Great Britain, which is taken by many as the safest barometer of business, is in a flourishing condition. Orders for steel are coming in in excess of capacity of the mills and the industry will enter the new year with well-filled order books and with prospects that 1913 will establish a new high record in output.

"The electrical development of the country and the new uses to which copper is being put in its growing use as an alloy with steel account for the rapid increase in consumption of the metal. The promise of large crops has strengthened confidence and consumers are anxious to replenish depleted stocks."

Sea Currents and Migrations.

Harper's Weekly.

Reports received by the French government from its consular officers in Hawaii throw light, it is thought, on certain problems of ethnography. Not very long ago a little schooner, dismantled and with its rudder gone as the result of a tempest, was drifted by winds and ocean currents from Tahiti to Hawaii after 81 days. Hawaiian traditions declare that in ancient days people came from Tahiti, drifting with the currents, and settled the islands. The adventure of the dismantled schooner seems to prove the possibility of such a migration and it is suggested that the currents of the Pacific, which have not yet been sufficiently studied, may throw much light on the distribution of the native races among the island groups.

Some New Alloys.

Harper's Weekly.

In these days chemistry is enabling man to make over some of the most useful metals very much at his will and greatly to his profit. In England interesting reports have been made on the properties of new alloys of copper, aluminum and manganese, which show remarkable peculiarities. An alloy of 88 per cent coper, 9.99 per cent aluminum, and 2.01 per cent manganese showed enormous tensile strength, a cold-drawn bar having a yield point of 40.88 tons per square inch and an ultimate stress of 52.08 tons per square inch. Another alloy is so hard that it can take a cutting edge sharp enough to sharpen a lead-pencil. The British admiralty has been experimenting with these alloys to determine their resistance to corrosion in sea water.

Strategy of a Wasp.

Harper's Weekly.

A mud-wasp was seen to alight within an inch or two of a spider's nest on the side opposite the opening. Creeping around toward the entrance to the nest, the wasp stopped a little short of it and, for a moment, remained perfectly quiet. Then reaching out one of his antennae, he wriggled it before the opening. A moment later he withdrew the "feller." This overture had the desired effect, inasmuch as the head of the household, a big spider, came out to see what was wrong and to set it to rights.

No sooner had the spider emerged to that point at which it was at the worst disadvantage than the wasp, with a quick movement, thrust its sting into the body of its foe, killing it easily and almost instantly.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

BIG PROFITS: Open a dyeing and cleaning establishment, little capital needed, we teach by mail. Booklet free. Ben-Vonde System, Dept. 16, Charlotte, N. C.

MALE HELP WANTED.

500 MEN 20 to 40 years old wanted at once for electric railway motormen and conductors; $60 to $160 a month; no experience necessary; fine opportunity; no strike; write immediately for application blank. Address Box 500, care of Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

ABLE-BODIED MEN WANTED for the U. S. Marine Corps, between the ages of 19 and 35. Must be native born or have first papers. Monthly pay $15 to $80. Additional compensation possible. Food, clothing, quarters and medical attendance free. After 30 years service can retire with 75 per cent of pay and allowances. Service on board ship and ashore in all parts of the world. Apply at U. S. Marine Corps Recruiting Office, corner Superior and Adams Streets, or 701 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio.

BE AN EXPERT Detective and Investigator. Many waiting positions at big pay. Stamp for particulars. National Detective Agency, Dept. B 29, Chicago.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Men and women for government positions; $80 month; annual vacations; short hours; no "layoffs;" common education sufficient; over 12,000 appointments coming; influence unnecessary; farmers eligible. Send postal immediately for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. F 32, Rochester, N. Y.

RELIABLE men—women sell forkola by leaving with each family on trial. Every trial means sale. Profit $2 to $3 daily. Credit given. The Bacorn Co., Elmira, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.

One Cent a Minute. You can earn in spare time selling JOY GLIDERS for chairs, new invention. A child can put them on in one minute. Won't scratch floors. No experience or capital required. Boys, girls, men or women write Evergrip Caster Co., 20 N. Warren St., N. Y.

$2.50 PER DAY paid man or woman in each town to distribute free circulars and take orders for concentrated flavoring in tubes. J. S. Ziegler Co., 443 X Dearborn Street, Chicago.

MANUFACTURER of popular brand linen heel and toe guaranteed hosiery wants agents to sell direct to consumers. Fleiman earned $136.20 in five days. Exclusive territory. Credit. Send for particulars. C. Parker Mills, 720 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS—We want a man or woman in each town and city to do special advertising and will pay $2.00 per day or 20c per hour to those who have spare time. The work is easy and pleasant. We pay 40% extra commission on sales. Experienced canvassers can make $5.00 or more daily profit. Best Mfg. Co., 89 Broad St., Providence, R. I.

FROM Dance Hall to White Slavery. Cloth book, 400 pages, illustrated, only $1.00. Helpful in every home. Agents wanted. Big money quick. Experience unnecessary. Outfit free. Star Publishing Co., 222 Madison st., Chicago.

POULTRY

Poultry Paper, 44-124 Page Periodical. Up to date, tells all you want to know about care and management of poultry, for pleasure or profit; four months for 10c. Poultry Advocate, Dept. 9, Syracuse, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

LADIES make supporters; $12.00 per hundred; no canvassing; material furnished; stamped envelope for particulars. Wabash Supply Co., Dept. B 102, Milwaukee.

FARMS

THE WALLA WALLA VALLEY has experienced a cyclone, tornado, hurricane or blizzard, crop failures are unknown, abundant opportunities for successful investments. Write for information regarding fruit growing, truck gardening, dairying and poultry raising. Attractive illustrated booklet K. Commercial Club, Walla Walla, Wash.

Investigate the fertile northwest United States. Excellent land in Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, adjacent to Northern Pacific Ry.—obtainable at reasonable prices. These lands, under the "Last Best COUNTRY" has to offer; stay near home markets; quick transportation; close to good schools; no isolated homesteads; only 3 years to prove up; state and county farms; deeded land at low prices and on easy payment plan. Climate fine for man, beast and crops. Big money in vegetables, grains, stock, fruits, cattle, dairying, poultry, hogs. Write for free illustrated literature, saving state most interests you and list of reliable dealers. Ask about low rate Homeseekers excursions. L. J. Bricker, General Immigration Agent, 104 Northern Pacific Bldg., Saint Paul, Minn.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

BEAUTIFUL improved Ohio farms in "Western Reserve." Write for free catalog. Williams' Farm Agency, Spokane, Ohio.

FREE FARMS—500,000 acres government land in Arkansas for homesteading; where located and how secured shown in our 1912 booklet; sent postpaid for 25c. H. D. Glass, Box B, Harrison, Ark.

FARMS, sixty acres and upwards, good water, high altitude, fine for live stock, fruit, oats, corn, cotton, potatoes; titles guaranteed, very easy terms. Box 305, Owner, San Angelo, Texas.

FOR SALE—Strawberry and fruit farm, close to R. R. station. Price reasonable. L. Gannaway, Pinnellas, Fla.

A BEAUTIFUL 39-ACRE FRUIT FARM on Lake Erie fruit belt, for sale cheap by owner. E. K. Whitt, Vermillion, O.

PIGEONS

PIGEONS! PIGEONS! All Breeds, Thousands, Sizes, $$$$$ making Jumbo squab breeding pigeons. Large, free, instructive illustrated magazine. Prov. Squab Co., Providence, R. I.

MEDICAL.

Appendicitis and gallstones cured in 10 days with harmless lotion remedy sent postpaid on receipt of $2. J. Hanna Co., Scott, Ohio.

PERSONAL.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

LOVINE—A charming preparation for lover, wife, husband, anybody. 10c; 2 packages, sealed, 20c. Union, Dept. 24, Palatine, Ill.

ARE YOU SINGLE? Try our correspondence bureau; reliable, confidential. Send your description and stamp for particulars. Friendship Circle, Oneida, N. Y.

POST CARDS from all over the world. Join our select club, ten cents cash. Universal Card Club, Box 42, Elizabethport, N. J.

MRS. WASHBURNE HAS A JOB

Contract Wife Is Living Up to the Agreement.

Los Angeles, Sept. 20.—In conformity to her part of the pre-nuptial contract, Mrs. Carleton Washburne, who a few days ago was Miss Heluise Chandler, obtained today a position with the firm by which her husband is employed. The company publishes a magazine, and Mrs. Washburne will do illustrating for it.

A part of the prenuptial contract, which as a whole provided for the greatest personal liberty on the part of husband and wife, specified that each should earn an individual livelihood and should share the expenses of maintaining a home and of caring for children, should any result from the marriage.

"The accounts of my mother being prostrated over my action are mere trash," said Mrs. Washburne. "I have received several telegrams of congratulation and commendation from my mother since my marriage.

Two French engineers have patented a propeller with the blades extending far forward and back of the hub and so shaped that the water is not churned and no vacuum is formed around the hub.

GOVERNMENT positions are easy to get. Our free booklet X-1032 tells how. Write today—now. Earl Hopkins, Washington, D. C.

WALTER'S FLORAL DROPS PERFUME. The exquisite fragrance of the natural flower. 50c. Sample free. H. J. Walter Co., Cen. Sta. 466, Toledo, O.

GIRL WRITES IN DIARY AS PLANE FALLS 450 FEET

London, Sept. 20.—One of the strangest entries ever made in a diary—"planing madly to earth—2:30—bits of us flying now"—was written in a shaky hand by Miss Mary Davies, who was flying as a passenger with Aviator H. De Asley when their machine fell 450 feet near Lille yesterday. In describing her adventure afterward Miss Davies said:

"When the machine turned over I thought I would be pitched out, but I became wedged between the luggage and things tumbled on top of me. The compass rushed up at me and I caught it. Then the oil can came at me. I tried my best to write, but I had not much time. Soon after the dive began I was overturned.

"I saw the propeller whirling around and bits of it being hurled toward the heavens. When we were about to strike the ground I wondered whether my head would stick in the earth and some one would find me in that position. I was rather surprised when I found myself unhurt.'

When De Astley crawled out he found Miss Davies coolly fixing up her camera. The first thing she said was:

"Dear me, it is a pity, we will have to return by train."

DEBS SEES PROGRESSIVE WAVE

Solid South Appears to Be Doomed, the Socialist Candidate Says.

Terre Haute, Ind., Sept. 19.—"The Progressive sentiment is very pronounced all over the western and southern states, and there is no doubt that, so far as Roosevelt and Taft are concerned, the latter is entirely out of the race," said Eugene V. Debs, Socialist candidate for president, today.

"The old Texas Bourbon Democracy, founded on prejudice, and the Republican party, bossed by office holders, are facing the hardest struggle in their history. The Progressives in the south are strong. The Republican party there is shell, and large inroads have been made in the Democratic party. This Progressive sentiment is bound to tell at this election, and the Solid South of other years appears to be doomed."

Velvet

THE SMOOTHEST TOBACCO

Watching the Crops

Down in old Kentucky, where the finest Burley Tobacco grows, live our expert buyers. From farm to farm they go, watching with utmost care the growing of each crop.

Then comes the selection of the best of these crops, from which only the choicest middle leaves are taken for the making of Velvet.

But even then it is not good enough. These leaves must age and mellow—must slowly rid the tobacco of those elements that burn and bite. Then they are made into what is known all over the land as "the smoothest tobacco"—Velvet.

Can you think of a more perfect way to make a perfect tobacco? But just smoke it! Only then will you fully realize what a bully good smoke Velvet is—so cool, so mellow, so rich and mild in flavor, and above all, so smooth—an indescribable smoothness that gives indescribable satisfaction.

Full size 2-ounce tins—10c.

One-ounce bags, convenient for cigarettes—5c; or one-pound glass humidor jars.

Ask your dealer to get it from his jobber if he hasn't it already.

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

AGENTS A REVELATION NEW BUSINESS

Read every word of this remarkable offer. I offer good, honest men an opportunity to get into a business of their own. **No experience necessary. 100% profit.** Sells on Sight. Everybody enthusiastic. Work at home or traveling—**all or spare time**—be your own boss. Make just as much as my other men are making. Benedict, Minn., **sold 450 machines during the past 3 months; profit $750.00.** Geoghegan, Ky., cleaned up $150.00 monthly during April, May and June. Spare time only. Nicodemus, Pa., earned $547.00 during May and June. Hundreds of others doing equally well. Biggest, easiest, lightning seller of the age. Half minute demonstration does the trick. A positive Automatic Razor Sharpener—**Absolutely Guaranteed.**

Only Machine Made that Hones as well as Strops Any Razor

$100.00 Reward if we can any razor—old style or safety—that does not need grinding. not sharpen

$45 to $90 a Week

NEVER FAIL
Guaranteed to sharpen every razor—safety or old style.
Absolutely perfect in its work. Has proved its value by the demand of thousands of razor users in every part of the U. S.

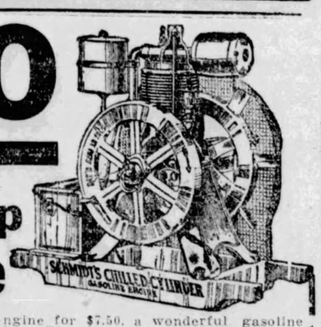
can easily be made as sales agent for the truly wonderful NEVER FAIL SHARPENER. Everybody eager to buy. A **golden opportunity** that insistently knocks for recognition. Get busy. **Make big money.** Attain a phenomenal success. Let's get together NOW. I've got the plan and the goods. Everything to help you succeed—prompt shipments—**absolute square deal.**

The Only Successful Invention Of Its Kind in Existence

Only machine that brings to a keen, smooth, velvety edge every razor, safety or old style. **Grand Free Advertising Special Introductory Plan starts you.** You must succeed. High class work, fascinating, permanent. **SEND NO MONEY.** Send name and address at once and get complete information, together with **Free Trial Offer. Investigate.** Address SECRETARY

THE NEVER FAIL CO.
1462 Colton Bldg. TOLEDO, O.

$7.50



And You Keep This Great Engine

Yes, sir, that's right—you keep this engine for $7.50, a wonderful gasoline engine offer, an offer without a parallel. We ship you Schimdt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engines on your simple request without an order or any promise from you. You use the engine 10 entire days, use it all you want to. Then if you don't want it, send it back at our expense. If you do wish to keep it, pay us only $7.50 and the rest in the easiest monthly payments. We send you the engine free, to prove that it is the simplest and most efficient engine in the world. It is the only engine with the marvelous, powerful chilled cylinder. The only engine for farm use with a spark retarder. The new type gasoline engine that has revolutionized the gasoline engine industry. The only engine good enough to send out on actual free trial without a cent down in anyway. Your choice of sizes water cooled or air cooled, horizontal or upright.

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Get our big Gasoline Engine catalog right away. Do not delay about this. Find out all about Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine before you think of buying. We will also send you free our book, **"How to Use Power."** To all who will write promptly, we will send this useful book. It tells you just how to use a gasoline engine on the farm or in the shop. Be sure to send us your name and address today.

Makes Woman's Work Light and Easy

Ten Days' Trial FREE

This is the first genuine free trial ever offered on gasoline engines for farm and shop use. We want you to see that women and children can run this engine. Use the engine to run any machinery you have—the pump—separator—washing machine—corn sheller—grinder—anything. Engine is ready to run when you get it. We will send you prepaid our sensational offer and our very useful book "How to Use Power" free.

5 Years Guarantee Schmidt's Chilled Cylinder Gasoline Engine is absolutely guaranteed for 5 years in every piece and part. The biggest bank in Iowa backs our $1,000 challenge offer.

Schmidt Bros. Co. Engine Works, Dept. 5096, Davenport, Iowa

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ONE-PLY .... Weighs 35 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.10 per roll.
TWO-PLY .... Weighs 45 lbs., 108 Square Feet, $1.30 per roll.
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TERMS CASH: We save you the wholesalers' and retailers' profit. These special prices only hold good for immediate shipment.

Indestructible by Heat, Cold, Sun or Rain.

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Northern Pacific Ry

One-Way Fall Colonist Tickets on sale daily Sept. 25 to October 10. Western Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon and British Columbia.

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Daily through trains from Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Kansas City, St Paul, Minneapolis. Direct connections from Duluth-Superior.

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